# MACLEANS NATIONAL MAGAZINE MACLEANS

February 1, 1950

Ten Cents

# WAS KURT MEYER GUILTY?

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THE NOT-SO-HAPPY GANG



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# MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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# EDITORIALS

# The Folks in the Graveyard Have Lots of Security

As A rule we aren't much upset about the threat of the welfare state. We don't see why, for instance, hospital insurance or contributory old-age pensions should blight the spirit of the nation. Security is one essential of the good life.

But excessive preoccupation with security is something else again. And it's becoming more and more unfashionable, nowadays, to take a chance.

How much Canadian money is going into Alberta oil? Quebec titanium? Labrador iron? How many Canadian investors are really offering "risk capital"?

Younger people also appear to be playing it safe. Too many youngsters today, looking for a first job, seem less interested in the job's opportunities than in the company's pension scheme and seniority regulations. Even the armed services are getting recruits who come not with the honorable feeling that they're

choosing a life of high adventure but with the cosy belief they're going into a nice safe berth—a small salary, but everything found.

The last straw, to our way of thinking, was revealed by Robert Thomas Allen's article, "Going Steady's Strictly Business," in Maclean's a month ago.

Even romance, God save the mark, is being organized on a play-it-safe basis. The boy reasons that it's cheaper to have a steady girl. The girl would rather be dated regularly, in an atmosphere of mutual indifference, than take a chance by waiting for the Real Thing. If they carry this pallid rationality into married life, then the last generation of Canadians has already been born—for it doesn't "pay" to have children.

Too many people of all ages seem willing to settle for half a loaf with delivery guaranteed. There is no future either for the individual or the nation in that kind of philosophy.

# The Price of Unified Arms

 $T^{\text{HE RECENT}}_{\text{the United States and Britain are planning}}_{\text{to standardize arms and military training may mean much or little.}$ 

Little progress has been made yet in the most difficult part of the changeover. It will be relatively easy to work out identical commands, routines, signal procedures and that kind of thing but the important thing is to arm ourselves with the same weapons, and that will be very hard indeed.

Neither Canada nor Britain can afford it, on their own. This country cannot afford to manufacture all the thousand-and-one items that go into a soldier's gear. It would be madness to set up separate Canadian plants to manufacture, on American designs, the small quantities of each item that Canadians alone would need.

Nor can we afford to buy these things with American dollars. We haven't the dollars to spare, and the British are in the same case.

What's the answer? Another American hand-out?

Not at all. The solution is much fairer than that, but from the American point of view, even more difficult politically. The only sensible answer is that British and Canadian plants be allowed to manufacture a certain limited number of items for all three armies and exchange their surplus of these items for the rest of their equipment from American plants.

It sounds like the plainest common sense, but there are very real obstacles in the way American purchasing of arms abroad is forbidden by the "Buy American" Act. Repeal of that law would rouse the natural and furious hostility of, for example, the United States aircraft manufacturers, who can't get enough orders to keep their own plants going. Why let precious American contracts to foreigners?

Canadians would probably feel the same if the positions were reversed. It's a perfectly natural reaction—but in this case a dangerous one.

If there is no serious trouble ahead, then we're all wasting our money on armaments anyway. If there is trouble ahead we shall all be in it together, and we shall need the maximum possible output from an integrated production machine. If we don't start integrating it now, even at some apparent loss to all concerned, we may find ourselves too late when the trouble begins.

d.

# No Other Pain Reliever can match 50-year Aspirin Record SO DON'T EXPERIMENT!

By experimenting you may cause yourself great harm! So read this important advice—and follow it!

EVERY SO OFTEN, most of us get the kind of a headache that is known as an ordinary headache. When we do, nothing seems quite as important as getting the fastest relief possible. And as millions know from experience, ASPIRIN relieves this type of headache with astonishing speed.

But headaches differ. Not all headaches are the ordinary kind. And that's why, if you have a headache and find that ASPIRIN does not give you relief... if your pain keeps up... you had better see your doctor. For this may be nature's way of warning you that your trouble is far more serious than an ordinary headache.

In this event, whatever you do don't experiment! To do so may be harmful. Instead, see your doctor. He alone should decide if you need a stronger remedy, and if so, what kind.

Always remember that your doctor—and only your doctor is qualified to recommend a stronger remedy.

And also keep in mind that ASPIRIN is the choice of millions for fast, dependable relief from ordinary headaches.

When you buy, be sure to ask for ASPIRIN ... and insist on getting it.



# It Starts to Go to Work Almost INSTANTLY!

ASPIRIN is a single active ingredient that is so gentle to the system many doctors recommend it even for small children. Yet this ingredient is so amazingly effective—that ASPIRIN goes to work at once to relieve your pain.

ASPIRIN is reasonably priced, too. In the family size bottle it costs less than 1¢ per tablet.

REMEMBER! Of all pain relievers,
none can match the ASPIRIN record of use by millions of
normal people without ill effect!

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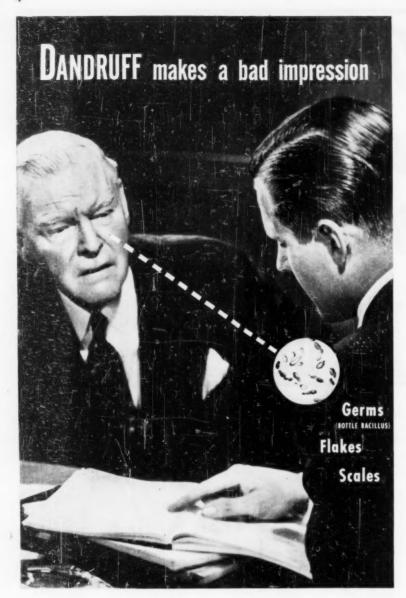
LOWEST PRICES EVER!

Pocket box of 12.....18¢

Economy bottle of 24...29¢

Family size of 100.....79¢

(BAA) EER)



# Get after it . . . Quick! with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and MASSAGE!

Why put up with dandruff which makes such a bad impression in both business and social life?

Instead of trusting to mere soap and water, or shampoos devoid of germ-killing power, get started now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage, the delightful, easy treatment that is likely to help you as it has helped so many others.

# Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

You see, Listerine Antiseptic treats dandruff as it should be treated... with quick germ-killing action.

On your scalp and hair it kills literally millions of germs associated with dandruff, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale).

### Quick Results

Just see how quickly it begins to get rid of ugly flakes and scales . . . how

wonderfully clean and fresh your scalp and hair feel...how healthy your hair looks. Remember, in clinical tests, twicea-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

If your scalp is free of the condition, let Listerine Antiseptic help you keep it that way. Make it a part of your regular hair-washing.

For more than 60 years the chief use of Listerine Antiseptic has been as an antiseptic mouthwash and gargle.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.

Make it a regular part of hair-washing



P.S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

MADE IN CANADA

# In the Publishers' Confidence



Ralph Allen, Editor.

HE masthead of this issue of Maclean's carries the name of a new editor, Ralph Allen, and the name of a new managing editor, John Clare.

Mr. Allen succeeds W. Arthur Irwin, who, after 24 years' association with the magazine, and with the best wishes of its publishers and his colleagues, leaves to become National Film Commissioner.

It is a happy coincidence that in this issue there appears an article by Mr. Irwin on "The Canadian"—who he is, why he acts the way he does, what makes him "the unique American" (page 20). For Canadianism always has been uppermost in his thought.

During 40 years Maclean's Magazine has had only four editors. First was Thomas B. Costain, who later became George Horace Lorimer's chief associate on Saturday Evening Post and is now one of the most successful novelists of his time. For five years the chair was occupied by Vernon MacKenzie, who moved to Cosmopolitan, later becoming dean of journalism at the University of Washington, Seattle. Then Napier Moore guided the editorial destinies of the publication for nearly 20 years. in 1945 he was made editorial director of Maclean-Hunter he was succeeded by W. A. Irwin, who for 20 years had made a valuable contribution, first as associate and then as managing

All four were backed by varied experience in journalism. So is Maclean's fifth editor.

●Ralph Allen is no stranger to this magazine. Under Mr. Irwin he was managing editor until 11 months ago when he left to write a column in the Toronto Telegram.

Born in Winnipeg, raised in

Souris and Carroll, Man., Kenora, Ont., and Oxbow, Sask., Mr. Allen started his newspaper career with the Winnipeg Tribune, moved to the Toronto Globe and Mail. In 1941 he enlisted in the 30th Light Anti-Aircraft Battery, served overseas as a sergeant of a Bofors gun crew. Then at the Globe and Mail's request he was discharged from the Army to become that paper's senior war correspondent. He was with the Canadian troops until after V-E Day; was awarded the O.B.E.

Mr. Allen came to Maclean's in 1946 as assistant editor, was quickly promoted to managing editor. He has written a novel and several short stories and articles, including, "Was Kurt Meyer Guilty?" (page 9). He has long been the unquenchable expert of CBC's "Beat the Champs."

We wish him a happy return.

● John Clare, in turn fiction editor, article editor, associate editor and feature writer in his own right, will be Mr. Allen's chief aide.

Born in New Brunswick, his childhood spent in Prince Albert and Saskatoon, an alumnus of the University of Saskatchewan, Mr. Clare got his first newspaper job on the Saskatoon Star-Phoenix, came east to the Toronto Globe. He went overseas as a RCAF public relations officer, served all



John Clare, Managing Editor.

over Europe and the Middle East, became war correspondent for the Toronto Star, winding up in the Far East. Mr. Clare came to Maclean's in June, 1946.

Ralph Allen and John Clare will have the full co-operation of a top-flight staff and the confidence of

The Publishers

# MAILBAG

# "Open Letter" Keeps The Mailman Busy

WISH to offer you my heartiest congratulations on Beverley Baxter's "Open Letter to an American" (Dec. 15). That one article is worth a year's subscription and I wish it could be sent broadcast throughout Canada, U. S. A. and Great Britain.—Miss R. Joseph, Quebec.

• Beverley Baxter's "Open Letter to an American" should be read on both sides of the border, as a large number of people appear to be quite ignorant of world affairs since and before 1914. —J. Llewes, Buffalo, N.Y.



- Thank you, Mr. Baxter, for so ably stating what millions of Canadians have always felt but have had no medium through which to state their views. Your letter should be made required reading by all Canadian high-school students.—E. E. W., Halifax, N.S.
- I fail to see why Canada, through a Canadian magazine, should be involved in this (Anglo-U. S.) dispute. —E. A. H., Olds, Alta.

# Municipal Reproof

Re Maclean's Dec. 1 article on the town of Val d'Or by McKenzie Porter ("Half Boots and High Heels"). At a meeting on Dec. 5 the town council adopted the following resolution:

"It is resolved unanimously—That the council of the town of Val d'Or wishes to object formally against the lying and incomplete manner in which this article has been written and against the way in which the said article has been published and which is of a nature to give very bad publicity to the town."—J. A. Nadon, Town Clerk, Val d'Or, Que.

### The Pope's Picture

As an old subscriber I wish to offer you congratulations on the excellent articles and the fine picture of Pope Pius XII (Dec. 15).—A. J. Reynolds, Toronto.

- This picture is the best I have ever seen of the Pope and I believe that you should have copies printed on heavy coated paper which you could offer to your readers.—Aimé Gagné, Arvida, Que.
- Up to now I thought your magazine one of the best, but when I saw a picture of the Pope I was very much disgusted. I, as a Protestant, do not approve of propaganda and most of my friends think likewise.—Elsie Harvey, Sherbrooke, Que.

### The End of Willie

Little Willie was also cremated. Yes, oh yes! It was one of the first things I learned when I started to school soon after the turn of the century.

"Willie dressed in the best of sashes, Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes.

After a while, the room grew chilly, Cuz nobody wanted to stir up Willie."

How did you come to miss that one from the remarkable collection which you published ("Murder in the Nursery," Nov. 15)? And don't blame me for mentioning it. Since you decided to stir up Willie, you must be looking for trouble.—M. Becker, Windsor, Ont.

• "Murder in the Nursery" with its cartoon was not fit for youngsters to see.—Mrs. Kathleen Dunfield, Dauphin, Man.

### The Unbeliever

Re your Dec. 1 "Canadianecdote," in which it is claimed one "Big Finnan McDonald" met the charge of a "good big bull" (buffalo), grasping it by the horn with one hand and the forelock with the other! After wrestling with

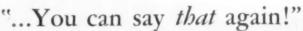


it for three hours they both lay exhausted. Then someone fired at the bull, missed it; it jumped up and got away. You should enter that Canadianecdote in the next Ananias club contest!—Frank C. Highfield, Ladysmith, B.C.



."You lucky gal, YOU!"

"Honestly, Betty, I'm simply green! Your first week on the job and the boss hands you a new 1950 Smith-Corona! And what a dream . . . you've been typing away at that new Color Keyboard all day . . . and you still look perky as a pup!"





# **THE NEW 1950**

# Smith-Corona

OFFICE TYPEWRITER with new Color Keyboard

New Color Keyboard features modern plastic key tops, specially designed and colored for legibility and easier finger control. Don't be surprised if you type faster and with less fatigue than you ever did before.



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The first Hillman (pictured above) appeared on the roads of England back in 1907. The Humber Motor Car, parent of the Rootes Group, was already eight years old. Today, after more than a half-century of constructive progress, the direct descendents of that early Hillman are famous on the roads of FIVE continents.



One of the oldest and largest automotive enterprises, the Rootes Group, of England, has a record of achievements known and acclaimed the world over.

Prior to World War II, its passenger cars and commercial vehicles won lasting favour around the globe.

During the conflict, its factories at Coventry, in spite of severe air raid damage, made 16% of all aircraft produced in Britain . . . manufactured 50,000 aircraft engines . . . turned out 60% of the total national output of armoured cars.

Today, the Group's huge plant, covering over 5,000,000 square feet of floor space, has been retooled and modernized. It embodies all that is new and best in machinery and production methods.

Rootes Motors Limited, the all-Canadian counterpart of the Rootes Group, is solidly established in this country. A constantly expanding dealer network is at your service from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

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Forget, if you wish, the 51 years of automotive experience the Hillman represents! Forget the size and scope of the organization behind it! Forget the established reputation of the Hillman name famous the world over.

All we ask is that you COMPARE the Hillman—in the showroom or on the road—with any other car in its price range. Compare its features, one by one . . . its styling . . . its comfort . . . its roominess . . . its safety . . . its roadability . . . its economy of operation.

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# Custom-Built FOR THOSE WHO WANT A FINER CAR

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The new Custom Dodge is a big car in every way — in size, comfort and performance. Every carefree mile you drive it will add to your enjoyment.

Drive a finer car in 1950 — a new 1950 Custom Dodge!



# LOWEST-PRICED CAR WITH FLUID DRIVE

The gradual, oil-cushioned application of power with Dodge Fluid Drive eliminates tiring jerks and jolts—gives greater control on slippery surfaces—cuts wheelspin.

MACLEANS

# WAS KURT MEYER GUILTY?

Did Canada give her only war criminal a fair trial? A war correspondent who was there says "No." But Panzer Meyer is serving life in a Nova Scotia penitentiary

# By RALPH ALLEN

THE MAN seated at the centre of the dais spoke very slowly, almost regretfully, as though he were grateful for the pauses for interpretation.

"The sentence of this court is that you suffer death by being shot. The findings of guilty and the sentence are subject to confirmation. The proceedings are now closed."

The man standing at the centre of the floor held his body in its vise of immobility. He took a pace backward and bowed, waited an instant longer for his guards to fall in, and then made a brisk left turn. As he marched from the room his head was a fraction of an inch higher than usual, his drawn face a fraction of a shade paler than usual. His heels rapped against the flat hush like an eerie, far-away gavel summoning the attention of a terrible past and an unknown future.

The sentence of death against Kurt Meyer, accused and convicted German war criminal, was never carried out.

Nor, four years after the sentence was passed by a Canadian military court, has the extent of Kurt Meyer's debt to the past or the extent of his meaning to the future been really clarified. The disagreement over the rights, wrongs and maybes of the most bizarre, contentious and possibly significant trial in the history of Canadian law is not quite as loud today as it was when Major-General Chris Vokes, the then commander of the Canadian occupation forces in Germany, precipitated an international furore by commuting the penalty to life imprisonment. But the disagreement is no less deep-seated.

At one extreme there are hundreds of thousands of Canadians who still believe Meyer should not have been allowed to live; at the other extreme some, at least, who believe he shouldn't even be in jail.

Skeletonized, the Continued on page 47



CANADIAN ARMY PHOTO

"The sentence of this court is that you suffer death by being shot." And the stiff-necked Nazi bowed to the battlefield justice of the conqueror.



The Gang always wears a practiced sunny smile to face the fans. Front (left to right): Bert Pearl, Jimmy Namaro, Kathleen Stokes, Lou Snider, Eddie Allen. Back: Cliff McKay, George Temple, Hugh Bartlett, Joe Niosi, Bobby Gimby, Blain Mathe.

# THE NOT-SO-HAPPY GANG

# By JUNE CALLWOOD

N THE field of the professionally cheery-the happy-go-lucky emcee, the chuckling announcer and the convulsed vocalist-there is nothing in Canadian radio to compare with the Happy Gang. Broadcast across the country for a half hour five days a week its tireless good humor has won the program a record for longevity in daytime variety shows.

Currently in the gala throes of its 13th season the Happy Gang has but one outstanding peculiarity. When it's not on the air it isn't happy.

While it is natural for humans to feel the boss foolishly is overlooking their sterling qualities, and while it is entirely normal for musicians to feel that most other musicians should not be permitted to carry a music stand, the constituents of the Happy Gang (10 men and a woman) strike a new ultimate in both fields. With one or two exceptions the Gang feels nothing warmer than respect for the boss, Bert Pearl, and in the other department it is possible one half the Gang would cheer happily if the other half was fired.

The final incongruity is that the unhappiest man

in radio, according to his friends, is Bert Pearl, billed on the show as "that slap-happy chappie."

Some people close to Pearl have a theory his unhappiness stems from frustration.

"The guy is brilliant, far superior to the Happy Gang show," one CBC producer claims. "He is a first-rate orchestra leader, one of the best accompanists I know, and without parallel in his good taste. It's killing him to slosh around with that always-smiling routine."

Pearl's retort, typically gloomy, is: "If I'm any better than this, why hasn't someone given me a better show?"

The Happy Gang, despite the rumblings in the basement, is heard by more than  $2\frac{1}{2}$  million Canadians, beating the soap operas by hundreds of thousands. Farm wives on the Prairies have written with unmistakable sincerity that the Gang sustains them through loneliness; a nurse wrote after an old woman's death that one of her patient's last wishes was that the Happy Gang be thanked for having made her declining years happier.
"Maybe I'm just an idealist," wrote one fan,

"but I don't see how merely commercial motives could make anybody as consistently cheerful and pleasant as you folks are."

Another: "Guess you just naturally have the knack of making people happy."

Credit for this sort of appreciation goes to Pearl. He is the showman on the program; he's got a sense of timing and fitness and an agile wit to cover all the catastrophes that can occur in an unscripted show. He emcees the broadcast with an easy friendliness that never seems forced or artificial. Other members of the cast, while individually gifted musicians, lack either his glibness or his

clean family-type humor. Pearl ribs the weather and Easterners (many of the Gang, including Pearl, are from the West comments on the news of the day, reads some far mail (the ones with a humorous twist) and reminds everybody, everywhere, to remember to keep

The Gang, the most expensive and most success ful daytime show in Canada, has been heard and admired as far west as China and as far east a

Africa. Listeners in Arizona and Alaska have been advised about the weather in Toronto, and the "Keep Happy" slogan is as familiar in Canadian homes as "What's for dinner, ma?"

Despite the handicap of their disinclination to sound merry, members of the Happy Gang feature happy patter, happy songs and happy rhetorical questions ("What's money as long as you've got your health?"). Incredibly the show maintains a high standard of sincerity, month after month. The boys always seem to the listeners to be carefree and convivial and millions of people have felt better for having heard them.

There are some unkind souls in radio who claim this trick is the best thing the Gang does. The effectiveness of the act lies in the fact that each member of the Gang is a professional entertainer, accustomed to smiling broadly at the customers and restraining himself from booting the guitarist while on the bandstand.

Individually, the Gang members are more sophisticated than folksy, their musical taste several cuts above that which is produced on the program. On the air they give the impression of being inseparable, actually members of the Gang rarely see one another socially. Bobby Gimby (trumpet) and Cliff McKay (clarinet) are as close as any two on the Gang ever get but they are a great deal less than buddies.

When rehearsals are over and the Gang breaks

off to get a coffee at the restaurant around the corner each Happy Gang musician seems to prefer his own company. There's little happy conversation and laughter off the air.

"When I first joined I figured we guys could have stag parties every now and then," comments Gimby, whose youthful ambition was to be a member of the Gang. "I tried it a few times, but it just doesn't work. We aren't the same kind of people."

The Happy Gang comes complete with several red-hot situations, all of them unwittingly created by Pearl. Two years ago he hired Lou Snider to play some piano (which Jimmy Namaro had been doing) and some organ (which Kathleen Stokes has done since the Gang was organized). Characteristically, Pearl made no changes in the Gang's lineup with the arrival of Snider. Today Namaro props up a wall and watches stolidly while Snider plays piano; Mrs. Stokes is poker-faced as she slides along the organ bench to make room for Snider.

Then there's Pearl and Hugh Bartlett, the announcer. Bartlett has great support among the listeners in his admitted ambition to become emcee of the Happy Gang. When Pearl departs around February to give his frazzled nerves a rest Bartlett takes over enthusiastically. His enthusiasm, however, is not shared by the rest of the Gang and his regime is marked by profane and bitter battles.

Pearl is not unaware of Bartlett's readiness to take over his duties anytime but this is just one of those things he overlooks in his comrades.

Pearl is a strict foreman during rehearsals and, like many conductors, is never too impressed with the suggestions from the floor. This creates a frustrated fury within the Gang, especially since four members are bandleaders and arrangers in their own right. Jimmy Namaro, Bobby Gimby and Cliff McKay have or have had bands of their own and Lou Snider has his own radio show on the network. The situation is equivalent to having four prima donnas and putting them in the second row of a mixed chorus.

Much of Pearl's unhappiness is caused by having to produce a happy show from this assortment of temperaments and jealousies. Maintaining the amiability required of him is hard on his nerves, and, as owner of the Happy Gang, he has tremendous responsibilities. He makes all deals with the sponsor, record companies and music-publishing companies, selects the music, writes the continuity, edits the commercials, hires and fires not only the Gang but a secretarial staff and the occasional writer.

A great deal of the low esteem in which the Gang and its offerings are held in the trade can be rightly laid to sour grapes because the group has outlasted every other network show and continues to flourish. This Continued on page 51

More than 2 million Canadians listen as Bert Pearl and his Happy Gang chortle their way into their 13th year. But the laughing listeners don't hear the wrangles behind the wisecracks, the sighs behind the smiles

"Shooting" each other (by camera, that is) wins wide publicity grins from the veteran jokesters. But they rarely get together away from the golden mike.

# A BONUS LENGTH ARTICLE

# The Night **Wild Horses** Raced With Death

By RICHMOND P. HOBSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

THIS IS the story of the resourcefulness stamina and courage displayed by a handful of men and women and a string of cow ponies on British Columbia's remote cattle frontier in September 1935.

The flip of a coin with my ranching partner, Panhandle Phillips, gave me a chance to ride from our horse camp on the remote headwaters of the Blackwater River 50 miles to our nearest neighbors at Anahim Lake for our mail and a packhorse-load of grub.

Anahim Lake is 225 bush miles beyond railroad and town. That's farther from civilization than any other ranching district in Canada or the United States. The nearest town is Williams Lake at the head of the Cariboo. Vancouver is 500 miles to the south. Ninety-six tortuous miles of twisting trail through the mountains separates Anahim from the tiny coastal settlement of Bella Coola.

Just at daylight, riding my half-Arabian saddle horse Stuyve and leading a packhorse, I splashed across the creek in the back of our bunkhouse at Blackwater and headed due south through the jack pines During the next 48 hours I was to be a witness to one of the most grueling ordeals a human being can undergo.

Panhandle Phillips had recently pushed the first pack train over the unexplored Itcha Mountains from Anahim, and the tracks of his 18 horses were easy to follow

Late in the afternoon, climbing through a narrow pass high in the summits of the Itchas, I looked down into the vast lonely Anahim country. The yellow meadows crept octopuslike into the silver of spruce and the brown sweeps of willow bottoms.

It was growing dark when Stuyve threaded his way down through a narrow timbered gulch. Soon it was too dark to see where we were going, and we were completely rimrocked by windfall piled five and six feet high around us. I did the only thing I could do—let the horses stand between the piled-up timber while I took off my chaps, huddled into my moosehide jacket, and sat down under a windfall.

The hours passed slowly. Clouds lifted and shifting stars blinked coldly down. A faint breeze out of the east made a strange hushed noise in the high tops of the jack pines and far in the distance the mournful call of a loon was broken by the spooky high-to-low chant of a rutting bull

At last a faint light lit the cold land around us, and, after some difficulty, I got the horses through

the sticks and carried on to the south.

It was broad daylight when we crossed fresh blazes, horse tracks, and here and there the stump of a recently cut tree. We were on Pan's pack trail. Two hours later I was happy to see old and familiar landmarks about me and to know that I was about two miles from the Christenson ranch on a well-worn trail.

It was at this instant on the trail that a strange and still unexplained phenomenon occurred.

The forests seemed to be deathly still. I could feel the silence. A heavy growth of thorny bushes and jack pines stretched west of me some four and a half miles to the Behind Meadows. Now-from that direction—a strange human cry floated up. It was kind of a low moaning

Stuyve pricked up his ears and shied

The noise came again-I swung around and tried to crash the horses through the bush in that direction, but we couldn't get through. I glanced up at the sun—about 8 o'clock I thought—too early for any of the Christenson kids to have left the house and be caught in a trap or hung up in a windfall; and it hadn't sounded like a cry for help.

Again the forests seemed to drip with quiet. The noise had not been made by a cougar, wolf, a coyote or a lynx. knew those sounds well. No-that wail

I didn't have to touch Stuyve-he eased into a long lope. A few minutes later we slid into the Christenson yard. I jumped off, tied the horses to the corral and strode hurriedly to the

Fair-haired, blue-eyed Andy Christenson, piogreeted me at the door, "You must have spent the night in the bush, Rich. It's not 8.30 yet. Come on in."

Dorothy, his wife, came forward. "Glad to see

you—it's been a long time."

I said quickly, "Are all the kids home? Is everybody around here accounted for?

"Why, yes," answered Dorothy. "Why?" "I heard a strange noise back there in the woods," I said weakly.



An epic true story of the courage and stout hearts of the hard-riding men who still live as pioneers on the last frontier above the Cariboo



I could see many horses, dark masses of them, thundering west across the land. A great ride was made that night through the windfall wilderness.

Andy started to laugh. "Rich has been in the bush too long. He's hearing things. Look at him -he's red as a beet and just as shy and scared as

a yearlin' deer."

We sat down to bacon, eggs, hot cakes, fresh milk and coffee on a gingham cloth. Shiny brass vases filled with many colored wild flowers centred the long table.

"How's your haying going?" I asked Andy.

"All the hay is up here on the home place," he replied. "Dorothy's brother, Vinney Clayton, is up for a vacation. He loves to run a mowing machine so he's over at Behind Meadows now running the hay crew."

Suddenly a sick feeling crept up over me.
"We can't keep Vinney still," said Dorothy.

"Andy has been trying to get him to take it easy, but no, he's going to keep on haying right up to the last few days. Then he wants to go after grizzlies in the Itchas and goats in the Rainbows."

At this moment two things happened. The three Christenson children came laughing into the room from their bedrooms, and through the window I saw a white-lathered horse, streaked with mud, fall heavily to his knees. From his back a wild-eyed Indian jumped and ran for the house. We all jumped up from the table.

Dorothy rushed the children into an adjoining

The Indian plunged through the door. Outside I saw his horse stagger back to his feet and sway jerkily from side to side. I recognized the man at once. He was Louis Squinas, oldest son of Chie

"Vinney!" he gasped through his breath. "Vinney—he's die!"

I expected to hear Dorothy scream, or see her faint. Not Dorothy.
"Easy Louis," she said. Her face was grey. Andy

steadied himself on the back of a chair. Dorothy added, "Now Louis—tell us—what has happened?"

"Mowing machines he run away . . . Vinney catch in mower knife . . . cut em off both legs. Lots blood . . now he dying . . . can't live. Thomas he see him . . . ride for me . . . I ride like hell."

I didn't want to eat but I quickly stuffed fried Continued on page 42 eggs into my



Moonlight and mockingbirds weren't for her. Love was just a biological trap, Julie said. Which made it tough for a hearts-and-flowers guy like Jake, who wanted to be trapped.

By LT. ALFRED J. CARTER

ILLUSTRATED BY MIKE MITCHELL

MET her at a party. It was one of those intellectual things: a lot of yap about the U.N. and existentialism with girls in leather sandals. Don't ask me why I was there.

I was standing back against the wall and I'd just made up my mind to leave when this girl popped up. She was wearing one of those dresses that makes you want to know what keeps it up. It was long and green and her shoulders were white and smooth. The girl stood in front of me and stared into my face like she was mad at somebody.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "What's your name? I never saw you before." Her voice was low, kind of husky, but smooth and nice.

I decided it was too early to go home. "Jake Holcomb," I said.

"Glad to know you, Holcomb," she said. "Mine's

I blinked. "Just Bennet?"

Your friends call you "Isn't that enough? Holcomb, don't they

'No," I said. "My friends call me Jake."

She waved a hand. "It doesn't matter." She pointed a finger at my nose. "What do you think about the Woman Question?"

I hadn't thought about it. "I don't know. I'm in favor of it, I guess.

Her lips came together tight. "You're like all the others," she said. "You think it's funny. You don't know what it's like to be a woman.

It wasn't my fault. I just wasn't built right for it. I looked around at the party. The smoke was a little thicker, the yap was a little louder. I looked back at the girl. She was standing there with her chin stuck out and her hands on her hips, and she came about to my shoulder.

"Bennet," I said, "you're absolutely right. Let's

go somewhere and discuss it."

I grinned when I said it, and for a minute she looked like she might slap me. Then she had an idea; you could see it working in back of her eyes. I was light-minded, frivolous. I didn't care about the Woman Question. Okay-she'd convert me.

She made a smile that didn't quite get to her eyes. "Yes," she said. "All right. Where shall we go?"

Her name was Julie. We found a hole-in-the-wall and sat in a booth. Her hair shone, her eyes were big and brown and lovely.

"Bennet," I said, "you're crazy. What have you got to worry about?"

The eyes were earnest, indignant. She leaned across the table toward me and her voice got intensity in it. "I'm a woman," she said.

That I couldn't deny. "So are a lot of other people. What's your beef?"

She bit her lip, staring at me. Somebody dropped a nickel in the juke box and the music played sweet and soft and her eyes looked past me into the distance.

"I feel so-frustrated," she whispered. "I want to express myself. I want to find fulfillment." eyes were big and unhappy. I decided not to laugh. She said, "But I'm a woman, and-what can I do? What is there for me?"

She seemed to expect an answer. I drank some beer. Then I said, "Why not get married?"

"Married! Tie myself to some man, be his slave, cook for him, darn his socks!" It was too much. She couldn't go on.

"Some women like it," I said. "Have you ever been in love?"

"Oh-love!" She shrugged it off. "Love is just a trap. A biological trap.

Trap or not, it had its points. I looked at Julie and rubbed my chin with my hand. This was what came of teaching women to read. Maybe the old days were the best.

What about a job?" I said.

She made a scornful laugh. "I've got a job. Do you know what I do?"

I shook my head. "I left my crystal ball at home. What do you do?"

"I'm a reporter. I go to weddings and write what the bride wore!"

It was a job, wasn't it? The Prime Minister can't say more. His job pays a little better, maybe, but on the other hand it's temporary.

"Well," I said. "Somebody's got to do it." "Everywhere I turn," she said, "there's a blank wall. Because I'm a woman." I had an idea. "How long have you had this

job?

'Why-three weeks."

And they hadn't made her city editor. Her path was rugged. "Uh-huh. And before that?"

She shrugged again. "It's the same story everywhere. Fashion drawing, Continued on page 45





Stalin was 75. And all adulation records fell.

# Birthday of a Red God

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

GROUP of German editors recently came to Britain on a sponsored comprehensive tour and it was decided that they should be given a luncheon in a private room of the House of Commons.

A member of each of the three British political parties, plus one independent, were appointed to act as hosts. The Communist Party, which numbers two, was not asked to take part. Probably because of my news-paper affiliations I was designated as the Conservative representative.

I had on my right a young Hamburg editor who combines dramatic criticism with his executive duties. He had been a prisoner in Russia and we discussed the colossal riddle of the Bear that walks like a Man.

"The people are kindly," he said. authorities are cruel. I think there is hope in the good humor of the Russian people. villager said to me: 'Under Communism the Russian worker has bread. Under Capitalism the worker has bread—and butter. I prefer

bread with butter.' Yes, I have hope in them."

Then we fell inevitably to a discussion of Germany's future. He assured me that Germany is finished with war for ever; Germany knows that she has no future as a nation except as a partner with the West; Germany wants to learn and practice democracy; Germany wishes to be free like the British;

"What will happen," I asked, "if another strong man appears in about three years'

He raised his hands in protest and then dropped them limply on the table as if they had become suddenly boneless. It was as though the Strong Man had suddenly appeared at the doorway and asked what they were doing in such a place.

At the end of the luncheon we all made the proper speeches, and none the less sincere because they were conventional. Germany and Britain were natural friends, they never Continued on page 39 should have

# BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

# Trouble Around the House

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

OR all their big majority, Liberals face the new session with more fear than hope. They've got into the Red Queen's country, where "it takes all

the running you can do to stay in the same place." Taxes can't come down-we'll be lucky if they don't go up. Douglas Abbott's pre-election budget cut them to the danger point, if not beyond. He forecast a "nominal surplus" for the year of \$87 millions-it could well turn out to be a deficit. Government expenditures are still rising as the job of revising civil service salaries goes on. Revenues are not so buoyant now.

Federal-provincial relations look better this year, but that too has a sad side for Ottawa. When Quebec and Ontario refused to sign tax agreements they stymied certain federal plans for the future, but they also simplified the federal budget. Ottawa has saved about \$150 millions a year by not having to pay tax "rentals" to the big central provinces.

If Premier Duplessis really wants to embarrass the federal foe this year, he couldn't do better than come to Ottawa with a smile on his face and his hat in his hand, asking for a tax rental agreement.

In the circumstances it is not surprising that the Government is planning few, if any, sensational new departures for 1950. The official word is that this will be a year of "consolidation." talk of new attempts to streamline parliamentary procedure—a special committee to check new orders-in-council, and keep Parliament informed of changes and trends in Government regulations is one frequent suggestion. This is the kind of thing that could keep Parliament busy and happy

without spending any money.
Old-age pensions and other welfare matters have

gone into the deep-freeze locker. federal-provincial conference on this sort of thing has been called for autumn. It would be most improper, the Government is happy to say, to do anything in the meantime.

All in all, therefore, the Grits expect a dull session the duller the better. What troubles them is the recollection that they also expected a dull session last time, and look what they got.

PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVES have their worries too-the same old trouble outside Parliament.

The other day a PC politician met a Toronto businessman at lunch. In the course of conversation he asked the visitor what were his political leanings.

"I'm not a member of any organized political party," the Toronto man said rather balefully. 'I'm a Progressive Conservative.'

The politico, who tells this story on himself, ruefully admits it was a home thrust. The Conservative organization is in a sorry state. Dick Bell, who resigned early last fall as national director, has not been replaced and isn't expected to be for some time yet. Mel Jack, private secretary to the Leader of the Opposition, has lately moved into the front office at party headquarters (formerly called Bracken House) but this is strictly a stopgap measure.

We're like the old bachelor who was explaining why he didn't get married," one Conservative remarked. "He said, 'I've met a girl I'd like to remarked. "He said, T've met a girl I'd like to marry, and I've met a girl who'd like to marry me. Trouble is, they aren't the same girl.'"

Russell Boucher, the M.P. who resigned in Carleton County to

Continued on page 49





HERBERT L MCDONALD

The best writer in Canada (he says so himself) is also a motorcyclist and chessmaster. Quebec City won't see tag days for Lemelin.

# The Boy From the Town Below

## By STUART KEATE

National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences, headed by Vincent Massey, had some sad things to say about the plight of Canadian authors. They found a number of these poor souls "living out shabby lives in privation and obscurity"

Apparently the commission hadn't yet encountered Roger Lemelin, the effervescent Quebecer who, at 30, has three Canadien best sellers to his credit. Following up the initial success of "Au Pied de la Pente Douce" with "Les Plouffe" and "Fantaisies sur les Péchés Capitaux," the dashing M. Lemelin has established himself as a man of property (an apartment, summer cottage and

\$3,000 wooded acreage where he is planning a modern home); as a gourmet, chessmaster, quondam baritone, motorcyclist, baseball fan, darling of the autographing soirces and all-round bon vivant. There will never be any tag days in Quebec City for Roger.

All this is a source of delight to Lemelin, who holds a unique position in Canadian belles-lettres. Because he is a free-wheeling iconoclast, and widely recognized as the enfant terrible of Quebec literature, he has created a ready-made audience of 15,000 book buyers in his native province.

He feels he can write a book a year with the solid assurance that it will net in the neighborhood of \$6,000. This income he augments with \$4,000 from a job as manager of his uncle's lumber business (wood spools for export); with special correspondence as a "stringer" for Time magazine

General Wolfe had a tough time climbing the heights of Quebec; Roger Lemelin rode up easily on the backs of three best-sellers

in Quebec City; with magazine articles and writing scholarships.

Even his enemies who are legion in the ancienne capitale (and, for that matter, throughout the realm of French literature, as Somerset Maugham has pointed out) concede that the Lemelin Legend is remarkable.

Although he was born in the working-class St. Sauveur district of Quebec, and left school at 15, Roger has already scaled the heights from the basse ville to the Chateau Frontenac—a trick which General Wolfe found difficult 190 years ago.

"Au Pied" (which was translated into English as "The Town Below") was launched in France last year by the famed Flammarion publishing house, and "Les Plouffe" will soon be published in English in Toronto.

At 30 Lemelin

Continued on page 26

THE EYE OPENER

C. Kinniburgh

Vol. 5, No. 48.

Calgary, Alberta, Saturday, November 10, 1986.

Price Five Cents.

# 50,000 CLUB for CALGARY!

WANTED. Crooks, Confidence Men, Gamblers and Thugs, Protection Guaranteed by the Police at Reasonable Rates. Apply to Secretary Board of Trade, Burns Block, Calgary.



Robert Edwards: "Not truckle to the high, nor bulldoze the low; keep me sane but not too sane."

"Everybody has their favorite bird,"
Bob Edwards wrote. "Mine is the
bat." But his fearless newspaper
became a legend of the great West

### By ANDREW SNADDEN

N CALGARY'S big friendly Palliser hotel guests still occasionally look up from signing the register and ask the desk clerk where they can get the current issue of the Calgary Eye Opener run by that fellow Bob Edwards. For though Edwards and his incredible paper have been dead these 28 years, although copies of the Eye Opener have become collectors' items, although there is no complete file in existence and no exact count of how many issues were actually published, the name of newspaper and editor are almost as green today as they were in their heyday.

The Edwards legend has been weaving itself into the mythology of the last great West ever since the clear wintry afternoon of November 17, 1922, when hundreds of Calgarians, great and humble, trooped behind the scarlet Mountie pallbearers who bore his coffin up the snowy slopes of a foothills cemetery.

Who was Edwards? He was a short, squarely built man of solemn expression and sombre suits. He wore a wing collar and a luxurious black mustache. He had a slight Scottish accent and a lisping voice. He feared no man and he produced the best-known Canadian periodical of his time. There has never since been a man like Edwards in the West and there has never been a paper like the Calgary Eye Opener anywhere.

The Eye Opener was published in Calgary from 1904 to 1922 at irregular intervals whenever the mood struck the editor, who was also the entire staff. There were perhaps 500 issues printed, many of them now lost forever.

Its contents skirted libel, its advertising surprised the advertisers and it rarely contained news. Ridicule of stuffed shirt authority was its trademark and the personality of its editor its stock in trade.

It violated every rule taught modern students of journalism, yet it reached a circulation of 30,000 at a time when 7,500 was considered good for Western papers. It's eight standard-sized pages were read avidly in the United States and Britain. It sold for a nickel but many a Calgary businessman paid 25 cents to have it smuggled into his office.

Its influence was enormous, though weeks might go by when the editor was off on a tear without the paper appearing. "Everybody has their favorite bird," Bob Edwards once wrote to explain the paper's absence from the stands. "Mine is the bat." But ridicule by the Eye Opener was enough to bring R. B. Bennett to his knees.

Bennett was solicitor for the CPR which once tried to ban the Eye Opener from its trains. Edwards went to Bennett, who promised to try to rectify the trouble. Nothing happened.

Then for a number of weeks the Eye Opener appeared with pictures of terrible train wrecks, always captioned "Another CPR Wreck." After several weeks there appeared a picture of R. B. Bennett. The caption was unchanged, "Another CPR Wreck." The future prime minister and viscount took the hint and train travelers were soon able to read the Eye Opener.

### Stuffed Shirts and Sharks

EDWARDS kept his office in his hat. He lived and worked in a single room in the Cameron block in the centre of downtown Calgary where, on a big roll-top desk covered with a welter of papers, he would inscribe his ideas in a precise longhand, chuckling as he wrote. He gave no receipts and kept no books. The paper itself was jobbed out to various printing plants in the city.

He ran an advertisement only if he liked the merchant. Sometimes several issues would roll by containing an ad without the knowledge of the advertiser. Then one day Edwards would amble in and say the merchant owed so much "if you feel like paying." There is no record of anyone failing to pay

This casual method of doing business made Edwards virtually immune from libel suits. He was never actually sued. Certainly any suit against him would have entailed the risk of being held up to ridicule.

Once he ran an item: "The three biggest liars in Alberta are: Robert Edwards, Gentleman; Hon. A. L. Sifton (then Premier of Alberta); Bob Edwards, Editor of the Eye Opener."

Sifton was reported to have consulted his lawyers and ordered them to sue for libel. Edwards, on hearing this, went to the lawyers and demanded that he, as Robert Edwards, gentleman, be permitted to sue Bob Edwards, editor, in a joint action with Sifton. The action was dropped.

Edwards attacked professional boosters, stuffed shirts, all governments in power, politicians, monopolies, railway grabs, subdivision sharks, lumber combines, civic pleasure jaunts and all tinsel and show. But he thought well of the N.W.M.P., cowboys and hired men, race tracks, barkeeps, the Salvation Army, hospitals, children, operatic music and the future of the West.

Calgary old-timers, who still discuss Edwards, invariably refer to him as "a grand fellow and a gentleman."

### A Brush With the Churches

IN ACTUALITY Robert Chambers Edwards was a "gentleman" in all senses of the word. Born in 1864 in Edinburgh, he was related on his mother's side to the famous Chambers publishing firm of that city. "If mother had been a gentleman," he would say, "I would have been head of the firm."

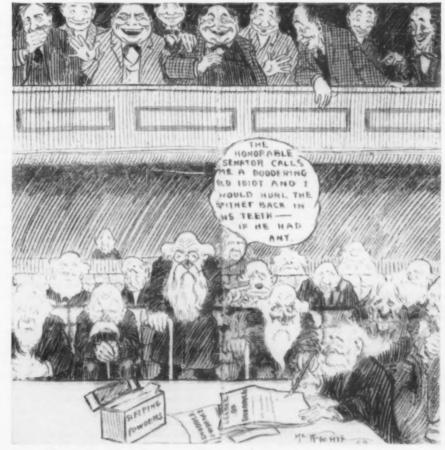
He was educated at Clifton Bank school, St. Andrews and at Edinburgh University, where he was a classmate of the late Senator Ian Mackenzie.

He traveled the Continent and around 1885 he made his literary debut with a gossipy, personal paper called "The  ${\it Continued\ on\ page\ 30}$ 

LLOYD-GEORGE
CLAIMS THAT WE
ARE WOBBAHS, BUT
I SAY THAT HE IS
A LOW FELLOW
AND -AH - NO
GENTLIMAN

The Eve Openey titled this bytes of contense. "The Difference Between

The Eye Opener titled this brace of cartoons, "The Difference Between The House of Lords and The Canadian Senate." Bob's humor was biting.



"The Lords (top cartoon) are Stormed at," Edwards chuckled, "While our Senate is Merely Laughed at." In the legislature Bob called for lager.

# THE CANADIAN

# By W. ARTHUR IRWIN

Last June Arthur Irwin, who retires as Editor of Maclean's with this issue, was asked to define the Canadian to an American audience at Buffalo. The great interest aroused by his speech leads the editors to publish it here as his last staff contribution to the magazine

COME here today as a Canadian to try to tell you something about my country and its people. Who is this Canadian and what makes him act the way he does?

Few of you I would suppose have ever heard of Sir John A. Macdonald. Sir John was the first prime minister of the Canadian confederation. He was a lovable old cuss, and as adroit a politician as this hemisphere has produced. He was also a statesman who envisioned the rise of a nation on the northern half of this continent which should have dominion from sea to sea and from river unto the ends of the earth.

On April 9, 1867, he wrote privately to a friend in India this letter:

"Thave been in England since November. I have at last succeeded. I sail in four days for Canada with the Act uniting all of British North America

in my pocket.

"A brilliant future would certainly await us were it not for those wretched Yankees, who hunger and thirst for Naboth's field. (Naboth, you will remember, was the owner of a Biblical vineyard which his neighbor coveted and took.) War will come some day between England and the United States, and India can do us yeoman service by sending an army of Sikhs, Ghurkas, etc., etc., across the Pacific to San Francisco and holding that beautiful and unusual city and the surrounding California as security for Montreal and Canada."

### How Much Duty on a Bren?

THAT rather startling document was written eighty-two years ago by a Canadian prime minister.

Among other things, it suggests how fantastically wrong even wise statesmen can be in forecasting the future and that your Mark Twain was profoundly right when he said half the world's troubles never happen.

But when he wrote that letter Sir John undoubtedly was thinking of the tension which existed between Great Britain and the North during and after your Civil War and the fear in Canada that this tension might result in an American attack on Canada.

No doubt he remembered as did all his generation of Canadians that twice during the previous eighty-two years American forces actually had tried to capture Canada and that during one of those attempts an American army actually had occupied Montreal for more than six months.

We don't do it that way now-which indicates

that perhaps both of us have learned something worth learning. As I passed through customs at the Peace Bridge last night I was reminded how different was the most recent reciprocal invasion of American territory by a Canadian force.

Believe it or not, when it came to organizing a joint American-Canadian Expedition to throw the Japanese out of Kiska, during the last war, it was discovered that under your customs regulations the Canadian troops couldn't get into Alaska without paying duty not only on their personal effects but on their weapons.

Such a situation demanded radical treatment and your then Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, found it.

After noting that the Canadian forces were the first foreign troops since Lafayette "to stand beside our own armed forces in expelling the enemy from American soil," he calmly designated the entire Canadian contingent "distinguished foreign visitors," which meant that no one could collect duty from them.

Looking back from this kind of perspective we realize now, of course, that behind those other far-off martial incursions of which I spoke a moment ago lay dual fears, yours as well as ours. Yours being the then traditional distrust of Britain; and fear that Canada would be used as a British base against you.

And from your point of view I suppose it might be argued that those chastisements you attempted so long ago were intended primarily for our own good.

"I come to protect you, not injure you," proclaimed your General Hull when he crossed into what is now Ontario with an army from Detroit in 1812: "The United States offers you peace, liberty and security; your choice lies between these and war, slavery and destruction. Choose then—and choose wisely."

### A Bouquet From the Little Flower

THE Canadian did choose and what he chose was to seek peace, liberty and security in his own way—with results that only in recent years have begun to speak their inner meaning.

Let me illustrate. The scene is the Social and Humanitarian Affairs Committee of the United Nations at Lake Success. The year: 1946.

There's been a bitter argument about policy to be followed in continuing relief to Europe. Former Mayor La Guardia of New York, head of UNRRA, has been arguing vehemently for one position. He's been adamantly opposed by the U.S. Government and by Britain. Britain and the U.S., on the other

hand, have failed completely to win support from some 40 other countries.

The battle has gone on for most of one day, far into the night and most of the next day, at times with vitriolic intensity. The Canadians as suppliers of relief are vitally concerned and have been involved in the wrangle but not in such a way as to be irretrievably entangled with any of the contending factions.

Finally La Guardia makes a dramatic intervention.

"We've got to bring this thing to a head," he says. "I will take sight unseen any resolution which the Canadian delegate will propose."

After a two-hour adjournment, the Canadian submitted a resolution which gave everybody something of what they wanted but nobody everything. It was at once adopted unanimously save for the Russian block.

## A Puzzle for Outsiders

IN ITSELF this was a trifling incident, but something very like it has happened far too often to be accidental.

Why did La Guardia so trust the Canadians? Why did the other contending factions display a similar confidence? And how did it happen that the Canadian had the skill to resolve their difficulties?

Apparently something pretty fundamental has happened to the character and status of the Canadian since American armies knocked at his door and a Sir John Macdonald worried about more of the same to come. What is it?

To the outsider, of course, I admit we must be a bit puzzling. The King of England is King of Canada and yet he has no more political power in Canada than has Chicago's Col. McCormick. We are an independent nation, yet we have an English governor-general—who doesn't govern.

When Canadian troops go into battle abroad, they fly a Canadian flag—but at home we have no national flag because we haven't been able to agree on one. The resources of two official languages have not provided us with one word to define the Canadian satisfactorily in both.

We belong to a world-circling Commonwealth which has no constitution and no common agreement to fight as a unit but had both the strength and the spirit to stand alone against Hitler when Europe fell.

At times our domestic dissensions seem to threaten to blow our state apart and yet we are probably one of the Continued on page 32

# By FRANK HAMILTON

NTHE crowded lobby of the Chateau Frontenac the delegate from Milwaukee turned to the delegate from Quebec.

"Pardon me," he said, "I don't believe we've met yet, but I see by your convention button you're a local delegate. I wonder if you could point out the hotel detective for me. I'm supposed to meet him here to discuss the arrangements for tonight's shindig . . ."

"But most assuredly, Monsieur," bowed the delegate from Quebec. "It is a great pleasure. He is my best friend. In fact, I am he."

The eyes of the delegate from Milwaukee popped. The trim young man before him wore Mexican sandals, a lavender shirt, a surrealist tie, and a brilliant red, yellow and black check sport coat with a large blue-ribboned convention rosette pinned to the lapel.

"You are the house dick?" he gulped.
"But of course, Monsieur," the delegate from Quebec smiled. "Permit me to introduce myself. I am Gregoire Garon, chief security officer of the Chateau Frontenac. At your service," he added with a courtly flourish.

The debonair M. Garon is an uninvited delegate to countless conventions, receptions, and parties in the Chateau Frontenac each year and, like the man from Milwaukee, the guests who meet him are invariably surprised to learn that underneath the lavender shirt beats the heart of a hotel detective.

Most people still think of a house dick as a paunchy, slightly punch-drunk, retired city detective with fallen arches. Actually, Garon is typical of the new school of specially trained hotel security officers who in the past few years have gradually replaced the colorful but foot-weary house dicks of yesteryear.

The hotel detective no longer resembles a potted palm with pants and a moth-eaten bowler hat. Nor is his office still the overstuffed chair behind the third pillar on the right in the hotel lobby. Today's security officer uses modern, scientific methods of detection and protection. His office, equipped with everything from exhaustive files to fingerprinting equipment, is the nerve centre of the hotel's protective system.

The hotel detective now enjoys much greater responsibilities and authority. He is answerable only to the manager and his authority over the staff is just as absolute. For instance, one of his new duties is to interview all prospective employees. He must be convinced of their trustworthiness before they can be hired.

As chief security officer of the CPR's plush Chateau Frontenac, Canada's best-known and second-largest hotel, Gregoire Garon is a case in point, This cheerful, Continued on page 36

# HOTEL DETECTIVE

Gone are the house dicks from behind the potted palms. Greg Garon uses psychology and jujitsu to guard his Chateau Frontenac beat



Chief Security Officer Garon stays out of sight by keeping in sight. And he'll track down a slipper, a silver fox or a souvenir-hunter.

# Curiosity

A loaf of bread, a jug of wine — that was Ellen.

But, somehow, after a war and 10 years he didn't

have the heart for singing in the wilderness

# By JOHN J. RYAN

WAS early and all the time I waited for Ellen in the bar the half-forgotten music of that song kept teasing my memory, touching it for a moment like a feather touches, then gone again. The other songs were coming back in a rush, waiting to be remembered stacked like planes in the fog above an airport-waiting each its turn to land.

Crosby crooning "Devil-May-Care," Glenn Miller's "Shake Down the Stars" and "Little Brown Jug," "Imagination," "Indian Summer." I even hummed some of them, the songs we had sung or listened to or danced to, but they got mixed up with the headlines of 1940—the feeling of 1940—the way the air tasted as it has never tasted since the way spring came that year-and being nineteen and in love with Ellen.

I remembered the darkness of the room the first night we'd heard that song. A tiny bead of light from the radio dial, Willkie's voice coming over and Ellen angrily switching it off to get some music, and then that song. The sweet piercing Dorsey trombone, then the throaty voice of Jack Leonard. "Old Curiosity Shop." That was it, the song I once thought I'd never forget.

I felt relieved to remember it but it made me realize that the bar was wrong. A bar had no connection with the past—with Ellen and me—and that year. We hadn't been much for bars. We'd sit in smoky back rooms, drinking beer, listening to some guy on piano or clarinet, or maybe some little band. Or once in a while drive in my 37 roadster and have dinner at that Chinese place on Broadway and then later catch the band at the Paramount.

In ten years you'd think you'd forget a voiceor remember it as it had been and find it deeper or changed, but her voice had been the same. In the few moments we'd spoken on the phone that voice had wiped away the ten years between, the war, everything-wiped it away like a wet rag erases a chalked sentence on a blackboard.

That one year we were in love, Ellen and I, that was the blackboard. Everything since had been written in chalk. I had thought it all dead; I had thought I'd forgotten her, but here it was in one week all back again. Ten years since that December night when I'd walked out and said I wasn't coming back. And I had not gone back . . .

The quarrels had become sharper and more senseless, blindly lashing out to hurt one another. The newspapers were full of war, England still reeling from Dunkirk, the draft here had begun. I'd been moody, sick suddenly of the trifles that made up our life together. Something was slipping away

'It isn't your way," she used to say. "Mr. Big worrying about the whole world and about the Negroes and Jews and everything but what's happening around here . . . and me.

I tried to explain that I felt useless with so much

happening in the world. But it was no good. I was growing up and growing away. I was beginning to feel life was something more than agreeing about the same music and having good times together.

"You've forgotten how to enjoy yourself any ore," she said angrily one night. "I sure wish you more," she said angrily one night. were worrying about our future together half as much as you are about Finland."

"I had said. "We can't just hide here in the suburbs forever and pretend the world isn't going to pot. Guys are dying for something and fighting for something guys like me.'

She tossed her head and moved to the radio. I had it set for the president's speech. She flicked it off. "Let's go for a walk, Mr. Churchill," she said. 'You're still alive, aren't you?'

I remember her standing there, brown hair framing her thin, white and perfect face, the pink Angora sweater soft on her slimness, the flat brown suede shoes they wore that year. I knew watching her that she couldn't understand what I felt or helieved.

And so that night I walked out on that simple uncomplex world and the girl I loved. Missed her, those months after, thought about her, remembered the way she looked in the winter skating along with me under a polka-dot sky-in the spring at the World's Fair remembered long walks through the tree-lined suburban streets, hands nested, lips mute, needing no words, needing only each other and breathing the fine free air of 1940. Three months later I was in the RCAF.

I glanced at my watch, a quarter hour late already. She was always late and I was always on time. Little things like that kept crowding back at me. I wished I had tried to get a record of that song. That would have helped bridge the gap. But probably none of the shops had it any more. It was never very popular and only by concentrating could I remember the lyrics:

"There's an old curiosity shop, Every once in a while I go by there, Oh the fond recollections that lie there . . . "\*

I tried to picture how she would look but none of it came through. Slim Ellen with the wild hair and the perfect features and the pale skin. Ellen, imperious and fiery-tempered and then gentle. She was a woman now, twenty-eight, older, wiser and probably, for I had not seen her once those ten years, lovelier, deeper and richer.

I toyed with the empty glass, glanced up and there she was coming down the three steps into the bar. A nervous expectant excitement shot through for she had not changed at all. Her coat, I noticed it first, was green like one I recalled, her face was controlled and almost expressionless. Her hair the same, not any different, her walk, all of it

the same, unchanged.
"Don," she said, smiling quickly.

"Well, Ellen," I said, taking her hand. "A long,

I led her to the bar, certain it was wrong now

because of the way she was dressed -correctly, almost smart-but somehow not right for a bar in the afternoon.

"What will you have, Ellen?" I asked studying her. Odd, for one flashing moment she looked like a total stranger and then in the next no different from the girl I remembered. She glanced around nervously.

"I think . . . may I have a glass of wine?"
"The Chianti," I said quickly to the bartender, annoyed at his smile and feeling defensive.

"Mother appreciated your call," she said and then looked at my watch. "I have to take the five o'clock. She's not able to do much for herself and she needs me.

So casual it seemed, two old friends.

"I thought she might not remember me," I said. "Oh yes, she wanted to come to the phone but, of course, she couldn't."

I marked again how little her voice had changed; nor her expression, nothing. The drinks came.
"You know," I said. "Sitting here a song kept

running through my mind."

She smiled again—this time a little tightly. I thought, relax, Ellen, you don't have to smile. Or pretend, I thought angrily, pretend we're two old pals which we never were and never could be.

"I suppose you meet a lot of band leaders and singers in your agency work," she said, glancing at my watch again.
"Yes," I said. "Quite a few. But the song—the

one I kept recalling. It was 'Old Curiosity Shop.' You remember it, don't you?"

"Sure," she said, too quickly. "What's Jack Leonard doing now? It's all Como and Sinatra any more.'

"He's on the coast doing a picture," I said. Ten minutes left.

"Really," she said. "He'd be fine in pictures." I kept pinching myself mentally. Get off this, I told myself. Maybe she's nervous. Maybe you startled her.

"The phone," I said stupidly. "Something new, isn't it?

"Yes," she answered and her little laugh was forced. "My sister—you remember Jeanie—she's seventeen now and spends all her time talking to someone named Tim. It all seems so kiddish and

'She's almost as old as we were," I said evenly. "We were pretty silly, too, I guess," she said. "You look well now. Heavier, but you were too thin then. Too worried about the rest of the world.

I guess you've outgrown that." I said nothing.

"I guess a lot of fellows learned their lesson in the war," she went on earnestly. "And were glad to come back and forget about Europe and China and the rest." Then she stopped and flushed. "But this is so serious. Do you still read a lot? And do you dance any better?"

'No," I said. "I'm still pretty clumsy." It was time for her to leave now.

<sup>\*</sup>Copyright Gordon V. Thompson Ltd.



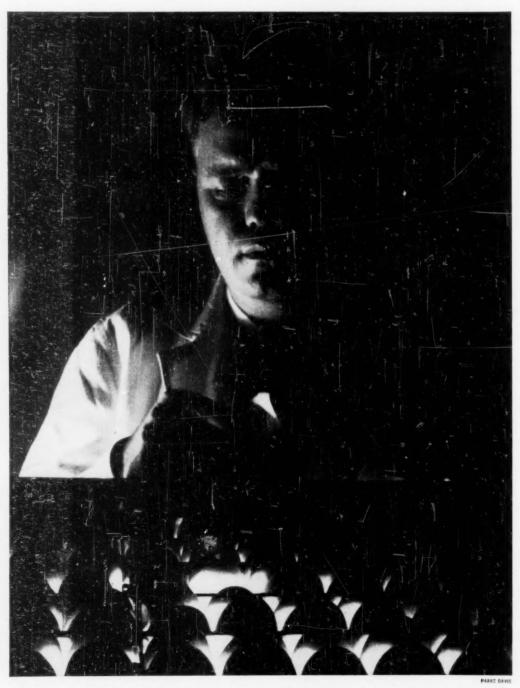


Aureomycin by the tank. It beats pneumonia.

# Drugs from Dirt Are Saving Lives

By DR. FRANK SLAUGHTER

One of these startling finds stopped a typhus epidemic in three days. Together they promise even greater results than penicillin



Chloromycetin gave its secret to Dr. I. W. McLean, Parke Davis scientist. It killed typhus in egg embryos.

VAGUE headache and pain in the right chest caught a young housewife while shopping recently. She was examined by a doctor who diagnosed "virus pneumonia," the disease which attacked thousands in wartime training camps and which sweeps through the country each winter.

This form of pneumonia, while not fatal, normally caused a prolonged and weakening illness and left its victims under par for weeks after the attack. But the housewife was completely cured within five days, thanks to a new drug made from dirt—Aureomycin.

Within 36 hours after the amazingly efficient drug was administered her fever had left her, and in less than a week she was as sound as a dollar.

### The World's Most Famous Garden

AUREOMYCIN is one of a family of new drugs which promise to outdo and perhaps replace even those stalwart lifesavers, penicillin and streptomycin. They do everything the older drugs do and more, for besides attacking germs they are the first drugs to attack viruses—the ultratiny invaders which cause everything from the common cold to polio.

In addition they are the sworn enemies of those tiny parasites which scientists call *rickettsiae*, the microbes which cause typhus and Rocky Mountain spotted fever, and they can be administered by mouth rather than by injection.

The newest member of the family, neomycin, gives at least test-tube promise against tuberculosis. It is the latest discovery of Dr. Selman Waksman, the father of streptomycin. Together with Chloromycetin, a drug which once cured an epidemic of 21 cases of typhus fever in three days, and Aureomycin, it forms the most formidable triad of weapons ever forged in man's fight against disease.

Last year, in a poll conducted by the National Council for Medical Research, heads of U. S. medical colleges and institutions predicted that the discovery of Aureomycin "will shape up as one of the most significant medical advances of 1948."

These lifesavers were all discovered in ordinary dirt. Chloromycetin was isolated from a mold which came from Caracas in Venezuela. Aureomycin was produced from one of 600 batches of soil from all over the U.S. Neomycin's mold parent came from the most famous dirt in the world—the garden outside Waksman's laboratory in New Jersey.

These new drugs have made some dramatic cures since they left the laboratories. Late in 1947 Dr. Eugene H. Payne, of Detroit,

Late in 1947 Dr. Eugene H. Payne, of Detroit, was visiting Bolivia. By good fortune he had a tiny quantity of Chloromycetin with him in crystalline form. This amount had cost about \$200,000 to produce.

Continued on page 38



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Where grace and charm have cast their spell and Fashion speaks serenely— always you will sense the ever light and ever lovely fragrance

YARDLEY

# The Boy From the Town Below

Continued from page 17

finds himself the youngest member ever elected to the Royal Society of Canada He emits gusty toars of laughter as he surveys the framed diploma on the wall of his beaten-up Quebec City
office where he toils in the interests
of South Shore Forest Products, Ltd.
"Isn't that wonderful?" he enthuses

"Isn't that wonderru: ne checked as he displays the Latin inscription of Conjects parchment. "Wish the Royal Society parchment. I could read it."

The furore created by his first novel, in which he contrived to have a drunk touch off a firecracker during mass in a Quebec church, proved a wonderful spur to sales.

From his own parish pulpit Lemelin heard himself denounced as a dan-gerous radical whose pen "was dipped in the red ink of Communism." (Actually, his politics are just a wee bit Left of Little Orphan Annie's.) His mother sighed that when she attended bingo games in St. Sauveur, "Women stared

At a Laval University reception Lemelin was to be presented to the late Cardinal Villeneuve. Momentarily flustered Lemelin lingered outside the door where the cardinal was receiving guests. Somehow he felt that personal dignity would not permit him to supplicate and kiss the archbishop's ring When the delay threatened to be come embarrassing Lemelin strode in, pumped the Archbishop's hand, and cried: "Bon jour, Cardinal."

This sort of action scandalized almost everybody except the good cardinal.
"We got along well," recalls Lemelin.
"I admired him very much. He invited me to go for walks with him in the evening so that we could discuss books."

### Torontonians Are so Honest

Roger reveled in the dustup he had created. To outraged priests he blandly explained: "I am a good family man and, in that sense, a good Catholic. I am not anticlerical. My book is simply a work of art."

a work of art.

He modestly admits that he is not the best writer in the world; only in Canada. But to intimates he will sometimes confess: "I am like a little boy. I do not take myself too seriously."

Nevertheless he is a shrewd observer and his opinions, of which he has a healthy supply, make for entertaining listening. A recent visit to Toronto was his first contact with English-speaking Canada; he surprised all his friends by announcing that he preferred Toronto to Montreal. Someone asked him why.

"Because," he said, "Toronto is the English version of Quebec City, multiplied by 10. I admired the calm family life, the belief in traditions. Montreal is a bastard city, neither English nor French.

"Also, I liked the Toronto people because they looked so honest—and honesty is comprised of so much naïveté."

At a literary dinner tendered him a woman guest began asking him about his Canadien ancestry. Inventing on the spot Lemelin unreeled a fanciful tale of antecedents who died from drink and was delighted when the woman sighed: "Ah, so you never drink yourself?" M. Lemelin threw back a straight Scotch and bellowed: "Hell,

The quality that set Lemelin's work apart was his basic, honest detachment, Here was a Canadien who could stand off and take a hard, critical look at

his own people. In "Au Pied" he had poked fun at Quebec's love of panoply with a hilarious description of that sacred rite, the St. Jean Baptiste Day parade. He had loaded his novel with a lot of intensely human beings; spin-sters of militant virtue, wrestlers, worm salesmen, cops, curés rounding up recruits for the weekly bingo game. Critics felt that his objectivity was

just what Canadien literature needed. Lemelin's realistic spoofing marked a clean break from the simple, romantic folk narratives which were as much a part of Quebec as the little hand-carved figures which American tourists pur-chase so doggedly each summer.

Fresh from his triumph with "Au Pied," and fortified by 5,000 Guggen-heim dollars, Lemelin took two years to produce his second novel, the 470-page "Les Plouffe." Its success was Its success was assured when students of Le Séminaire de Québec were warned not to read it. So far it has sold more than 10,000 copies, bringing the author about \$6,000 on his unique, 60-cents-a-copy deal with a local publisher.

### A Slow, Sure Evolution

In "Les Plouffe" Lemelin didn't set off any firecrackers in cathedrals. did arrange, however, to have the leading male character quit a monastery and, in defiance, make love to his girl in the shadows of the monastery (He stopped, contritely, when he heard Gregorian chants inside; he was afraid the devil was after him.)

As in his first book the author used humble family as a peg on which to hang his peculiarly astringent com-ments on Quebec's struggle with insurgent American and Anglo-Saxon ideas.

gent American and Anglo-Saxon ideas.
Ovide Plouffe, the leading character,
is an opera lover, an enemy of jazz
and sports. He has the misfortune to
fall in love with a blonde who thinks
Bing Crosby, Cab Calloway and Joe
DiMaggio are "dreamy." Disenchanted
by this experience Ovide enters a
monastery. This gives Lemelin a
chance to discuss "les défroqués"—the
greatly scorned young Quebecois who greatly scorned young Quebecois who enter monasteries, find they can't adjust to the life, and beg out.

adjust to the life, and beg out.

Ovide joins the Army to prove that
he "didn't take the frock to escape
service." This puts Lemelin into the
conscription issue and the quarrels
between Quebec's high and low clergy
over the proper attitude toward Great
Paritain

The book closes with a letter from baseball-loving Guillaume Plouffe in Germany describing a tussle in which he wound up with a hand grenade, fogged it into some Nazis. His mother, completely undone by this intelligence, stumbles about her apartment in a frenzy, finally dashing out on her balcony to scream to the neighbor-hood: "It's incredible! Our Guillaume, killing men!"

"These are datas Says Lemelin: which nobody had even dared to mention. My aim was to picture the slow, but sure, evolution of Quebec toward tolerance."

Again there were anguished outcries against the tongue-in-cheek tone of the book. But Adrien Pouliot, dean of mathematics at Laval University and a CBC governor (who started to read "Les Plouffe" at midnight and finished it at 1 o'clock the next afternoon), said unequivocally: "The greatest novel in French-Canadian literature." B. K. Sandwell, a Toronto critic, went even further: "There is a sense in which further: "There is a sense in which (this book) is the most important Canadian novel yet written by anybody."

Although Lemelin has been accused of "losing his culture" and leaning to the melodramatic all critics agree that

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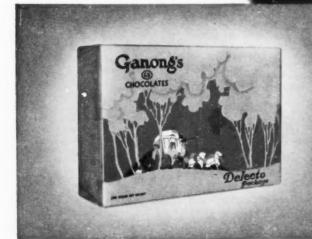
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might express it...
you can say it with

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To your heart's choice on Valentine's Day, express your sentiments with the eloquence of Ganong's . . .

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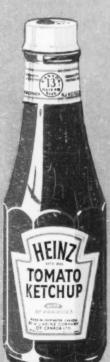
GANONG BROS. LIMITED ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

# TOMATO F

Newest fashion note in Cooking!

BARBECUED PORK CHOPS

Brown 4 pork chops richly in a little heated richly in a little heated dripping or shortening and pour off all fat; add % cup coarsely-chopped onion to the chops and sprinkle with ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon chili powder, few grains pepper, 4 teaspoons winegar and 1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce; pour in ¼ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup and ½ cup water. Cover closely and simmer, turning twice, until closely and simmer, turning twice, until chops are tender—about 1½ hours. Arrange chops-in-sauce on a heated platter with French-fried potatoes and garnish with parsley. Serves 4.



There are fashions in food as there are in fabrics, and right now, in midwinter, the vogue is for bright colourful dishes that are warming even to look at. Beside the use of Heinz Tomato Juice as an appetizer, and Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup as a first course, these varieties have scores of uses in cooking. So do Heinz Ketchup and Heinz Chili Sauce. Heinz has four brand new recipes using Tomato Juice, Cream of Tomato Soup. Ketchup and Chili Sauce. Write for them to H. J. Heinz Company of Canada Ltd., Dept. S.P., 420 Dupont St., Toronto.



Tomato Products

Continued from page 26 he has a remarkable appreciation for

dialogue and is a born raconteur. He seems almost to write by ear.

And, writing about the milieu he knows best, it is perhaps inevitable that a fair slash of Lemelin should creep into his stories

Like Denis Boucher, his hero in "Au Pied," Roger Lemelin grew up with Quebec's mulots (literally, "the shiftless ones"). He was the eldest of 10 children. His father was a modest foreman in a grain elevator who somε-how managed to put aside \$5 a month from his \$100 salary to buy Roger a typewriter. His mother was, in Roger's phrase, "very gay, active and spiritual.

"At the age of five or six," Lemelin recalls, "I was dreaming of writing stories." In successive weeks he stories." In successive weeks he dreamed of becoming a champion athlete, speed typist, a radio singer, a chess master, a successful businessman and a novelist—all of which, in the fullness of time, he became.

One such ambition altered his entire career. While gamboling on the parallel bars (he was junior tumbling champion of Quebec) he suddenly decided it would be nice to become the best ski jumper in Canada. He was progressing famously, and about ready to try for the Olympics, when one parlous leap carried him clear past the end of snow. Landing planks down on hard ground shattered his left leg and placed him in hospital where he began to brood about the possibility of dying before all his ambitions were realized.

It was there that the idea for "Au Pied" began to take shape. He had already written, at 14, a book called "Méprise." This was an exotic (and precocious) romance about a mathematics student who fell in love with a housemaid.

Lemelin meanwhile was doing a fine dramatic job of teaching himself. The way he tells it, it was largely hap-

"To make some pin money I rounded up a gang from the basse ville one wintry day to shovel snow for the big wintry day to shovel snow for the big houses on Grande Allée. After a while my feet were frozen. To thaw them out I entered a large building. "I was amazed at what I saw. There were 200,000 books on the shelves, more than I ever knew existed. It was

the Government Library.
"I was an ignorant. I knew nothing of philosophy or the classics. But I started to work my way systematically through the card index. I read all of Maurice Barres, the French politician; these were the first serious readings I made. Then I read Balzac, Stendahl, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy and Léon Bloy, the French pamphlétaire. Soon that library became my second home."

# Yawns for a Time Tycoon

Lemelin taught himself English in two months. He started on irregular verbs, mastered 154 of them, then moved on to vocabulary. He wrote out strange words on little cards, placed them in matchboxes labeled "Know" and "Don't Know." Every night he would pore over the cards "promoting the words as he came to understand

also learned more than 100 Euclidian theorems in three months, then decided that mathematics would be more fun if he utilized it in chess. Three years ago he won a Quebec championship but was not completely happy until he learned how to play six opponents while blindfolded.

This eagerness to joust with the unknown is a dominant Lemelin trait. Two years ago he heard that a jour-nalist friend, Richard Daignault, was

retiring as Quebec correspondent of Time, the United States news magazine. Although he had never written in English and had no journalistic experi-

"What makes you think you could do it?" an emissary of the magazine enquired.

Lemelin reared up, indignantly. "After all," he snapped, "I have intelli-

gence. Is that not enough?"

Somewhat to the surprise of Time (but not the author) Lemelin was hired. At a recent Time convention in New York Lemelin distinguished himself by snoring through a speech of the firm's president, Roy Larsen. He listened attentively to an address by Henry Luce but bearded him after the meeting to advise him that he disagreed with almost everything he had said.
Roger is the type of writer who could

make a three-act melodrama out of the Royal Bank of Canada's annual report. His meeting with his shy, Quebec-born

wife (as he tells it) is a production:
"I met her while I was on crutches," he sighs. "Like me she was a plain person. She worked in a shoe factory.

"In spite of my bad leg I was able to ride a bicycle. One day I saw her standing on a corner. She was so good-looking' I asked her for a bike ride. Her parents tried to dissuade her. They told her that I would die soon. Canadiens are like that. They have little pity for human wreckage

not as husbands, anyway.
"But I told her my ambitions, and

she was taken."

They were married while Roger was working on "Les Plouffe," now have two youngsters whom Lemelin adores: "Pierre le magnifique" and "Jacques le fantastique.

### A Tear at the Typewriter

The Guggenheim awards brought Lemelin an invitation to do some high-level thinking at Yaddo, a sylvan retreat in upstate New York where artistic sprigs grapple with the Muse. The Muse took Lemelin in straight falls. The loud silences of the place, and all the global brain-busting, irked him, as did the house rules. Frequently the delegate from Quebec played hookey from this culture foundry to attend ball games. He is the type of fan who can tell you the precise batting average, day and date, of his favorite player (Lou Boudreau).

In three weeks at Yaddo he wrote two pages. Thereupon he returned to his lumber office in Quebec City, looked over the wood-spool correspondence, locked the door, and rapped out 15

pages of his book.

In this respect Lemelin must be unique among authors. "I write as fast as I think," he says. Going flat out on his typewriter he claims 110 words a minute, pausing only now and then to shed a furtive tear for one of his characters who has become inextricably involved in some dramatic dilemma. "Then I flop down and sleep steadily for 10 hours," he adds. "I have been unconsciously immersed in my work. I awaken only when my wife passes a tray of hors-d'oeuvres under my

In December Lemelin published his third book, a series of short stories called "Fantasies on the Seven Deadly Sins." In four days it sold 8,000 copies, netting the author \$5,000. Muses Roger: "It is not an important little Roger: but it exposes a new facet of my character.

Even his most severe detractors are coming around to this self-appraisal by the young Quebecer: "By the time I am 45 I will be writing really great books. Oh ho yes, I am quite sure of that."

# Sparkling New Style Traditional Dependability that's the New DODGE



See the sparkling new Dodge for 1950.

Note its new beauty from the front, side and rear — the shining new grille...the graceful body lines...the new, bigger rear window...the wider, lower, rear end.

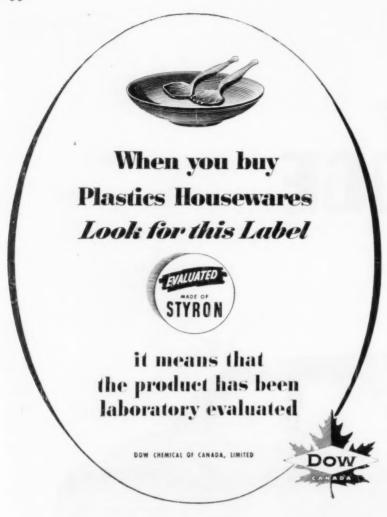
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# The Eye Opener

Continued from page 19

Traveller," published at Boulogne for the amusement of the Riviera café society.

In the early 1890's he came to North America to try ranching in Texas. The lynching of a Negro sickened him and he moved to Iowa where he worked as a farm hand.

In 1895 his short, stocky figure appeared in the Wetaskiwin district. He soon quit farming to found the Wetaskiwin Free Lance.

The robust impertinence of the editorial Edwards soon rocked the town with mirth. In one report of a meeting of the town council he noted that the village fathers had been debating what size of cemetery would be needed and had decided "10 acres—five for each of the town's doctors."

In the next few years he published the Alberta Sun at Leduc and at Strathcona. At the turn of the century he worked briefly on Winn peg newspapers and in 1902 went to High River, Alta.

In that year he announced to the citizenry that he would provide a good family paper for \$1.50. If the other kind of paper was wanted, he said, it would cost \$2.50.

He chose the name Eye Opener because, he said, "nobody can refuse taking one." After two years in High River his fame was beginning to spread. But his attacks on small-town society made him 'ess than popular.

His status with the church authorities was such that the churches asked him to drop their advertising. Edwards did so, pointing out in print that they'd been getting it for nothing anyway.

been getting it for nothing anyway.

The final break came one memorable
Sunday service when some choral
gramophone recordings at the Presbyterian church were switched over to
bawdy ballads. Bob Edwards was
blamed. Soon after he departed for
Calgary.

Edwards at 40 soon became a familiar part of the cowtown scene. Though retiring in groups he was regarded by the ladies as charming and his lisping voice was capable of paying compliments in the old-world style.

### What's Next to a Man?

He spent a good deal of his time reading (he was an authority on Burns) and could occasionally be seen in the bar of the Royal or the Alberta (longest bar in the province). He was not a steady drinker but there was something in his makeup that periodically sent him off on a nine-day wonder.

His greatest friend was Paddy Nolan, the great Western criminal lawyer and Irish wit, who often dropped in to help get out the Eye Opener and check it for libel.

Edwards was highly amused by the "sassiety" columns of the orthodox Press, so he had one of his own. Sprightly social items such as this appeared: "Maude De Vere of Drumheller arrived in the city Wednesday afternoon and was run out of town Wednesday night. It is a pity Miss De Vere is not a race horse. She is very fast."

Or deadpan items of this type: "Hank Borden who was hanged last week at Lethbridge for a most atrocious murder is no relation to Hon. Robert Borden."

Advertisers got it too. "We are requested to state in this column that the Pete Johnston who is held for cutting his wife's throat is not P. T. Johnston, the well-known haberdasher, whose spring stock is now on view."

The standard ads were unique. "Why

don't they build mills on the Bow River? Because dam it they can't," was the eye catcher he used on the Macleod Brothers' display, which also offered the information "next to a man is his underwear."

Although Edwards' bookkeeping was casual his paper was produced with almost loving care. John D. McAra, veteran Calgary printer who worked on the Eye Opener, says Edwards was the best proofreader he ever knew. And examination of copies shows that rarely if ever did a mistake slip through. The grammar was carefully correct.

His wit conceived many fictitious characters whose names appeared in the Eye Opener. One of the most delightful was Albert Buzzard-Cholomondely, son of Sir John Buzzard-Cholomondely, Skookingham Hall, Skookingham, Hants, England.

### "Toss the Bounder in Jail"

Albert was a remittance man who resorted to various stratagems to get money from home. Correspondence from Albert to his father appeared periodically in the Eye Opener. From the Peace River, Albert wrote: "I am now happily married to a halfbreed and have three bronze-colored papooses—your grandchildren, dear father "We are all going to visit you at

"We are all going to visit you at Christmas when you will be having your annual big house party at Skookingham Hall. My wife is most anxious to meet her husband's people and the better element of English

"If only I had about £8,000 I would invest it in the cattle business and forego the pleasure of a trip home. But I do not know where I could lay my hands on such an amount. Dear old dad, I know you will be glad to see your affectionate son. Bertie."

Another of Edwards' sprightly citizens was Peter McGonigle, editor of the imaginary Midnapore Gazette. Once an Eye Opener story appeared about McGonigle's coming-out party after a term in jail for cattle rustling. In the article Edwards ascribed to various public personages—including the mayor—words of tribute to McGonigle.

Lord Strathcona was quoted as saying: "The name of Peter McGonigle will ever stand high in the roll of eminent confiscators. Once long ago I came near achieving distinction in that direction when I performed some dexterous financing. In consequence, however, of stocks going up instead of down, I wound up in the House of Lords."

A Toronto correspondent for one of the London newspapers saw this report in the Eye Opener and forwarded it. It appeared as a news item for the editors were unaware of Edwards' straight-faced humor. Lord Strathcona saw it, purpled, and forthwith ordered his solicitors to take action against the editor.

They contacted Senator Lougheed in Calgary and demanded he proceed "with civil and criminal actions at once." The senator attempted to explain that it was a joke, but received from the London firm the angry wire: "Does not the King's Writ run in your territory? Toss the bounder in jail."

Edwards heard of the goings on and gleefully dared the Senator to take action. The Senator knew he would be laughed out of court. In spite of the pressure he managed to withhold action until Strathcona forgot it.

In due course the death of McGonigle was recorded in the Eye Opener. The bartender of the Nevermore House, examining an ivory-handled revolver left by a stranger in lieu of

payment for a two-day drunk, accidentally shot McGonigle in the abdomen.

McGonigle was stretched out on the bar, his head resting on the slot machine, and brandy was forced between his lips. A glass stopper from a Gooderham and Worts flask was plugged into the bullet hole. Friends were sent to tell Mrs. McGonigle that her husband might not be home for

McGonigle ordered a drink all round, and the slot machine pillow placed by the cash register. In lowering McGonigle's head the machine rang up well worth the money. \$14.65 but he regarded the transfer as

Two days later, McGonigle was ead. He willed his wife to the dead.

bartender. By 1908 Edwards was able to claim a circulation of 30,000. This in spite of the fact that he was denied use of the mails because of his failure to publish regularly. He had to express his paper to newsstand dealers outside

By this time foothill politicos knew that having the Eye Opener on their side was a great advantage in a contentious issue.

Edwards' attitude toward politics was summed up by his comment in one edition which appeared after he had attended the funeral of a local politician who had been given long graveside eulogies. "A statesman is a dead politician; what we need is more

An illustration of the Eve Opener campaign technique came in 1906 when Alderman R. J. Stuart entered the contest for mayor against a man favored by Bob.

The November 24 issue was devoted largely to the election. A front-page cartoon showed a man labeled "Stuart" drinking champagne with five gay girls noted as "Zinn's dancing girls." A news story below the cartoon reported that the girls had appeared at the Lyric Theatre during the past week but seemed to have additional sources of revenue to their stage appearances

Another item announced that the girls were entertained by Leta Long, renowned madame of the Nose Creek red-light district, a favorite society

column name in the Eye Opener. Warming to his work Bob variously charged Stuart with campaigning for office to help his own insurance business and with writing a letter, which was printed, alleged to be from Stuart to his old friend the dog catcher in his home in Ontario. The dog catcher was promised the job of chief of police of Calgary if Stuart was elected.

### He Found a Waitress Weeping

Additional cartoons depict Stuart as mayor trying to sell insurance to the citizens, with a hand holding a lemon outstretched to the citizens.

Stuart didn't win. Even in his declining years Edwards

was politically unpredictable, A. L. Smith, K.C., M.P. for Calgary West, likes to tell of the time he ran in 1921. "I hadn't worried about the Eve Opener because Bob and I had been friends," he says.

"Just before the election Bob came out with praise for my rival and a blast for me. It hurt a good deal and I lost. I didn't say anything next time It hurt a good deal and I I met Bob. Finally he laughe mischievous laugh and said: Finally he laughed that laugh and said: 'You know, Arthur, I couldn't support you They told me the other man was a Scotsman.' "

On the other hand Edwards was willing to help people who needed it. Once he walked into his favorite restaurant and found the waitress weeping. It was at the peak of the preWorld War I land boom and she had been swindled of her savings.

Edwards went to the land agent who had taken the girl's money and demanded it be returned. The demand was refused.

The next issue of the Eve Opener recounted the swindle of the waitress and announced that unless she was repaid at once the following issue would carry the name of the man who swindled her. The land salesman paid up.

Strangely enough, the only libel action in which Edwards was involved saw him as plaintiff rather than defendant. And the attack he suffered outdid anything he himself had ever written.

It appeared in the Calgary News, a daily newspaper run at the time by a Daniel McGillicuddy. There was bad blood between Edwards and McGilli-cuddy and it was also generally believed that the Sifton Government, supported by the News, wanted Ed-

wards cut down.
On October 6, 1908, the News pubreputation of the man who is very busy blackening characters;" it was signed Nemesis.

For students of the almost extinct art of editorial vilification we quote sections of the long article.

open, the article referred to Edwards as having "brought disgrace upon city and province by bringing out semioccasionally a disreputable sheet, the mission of which has been blackmail and the contents of which were slander and smut.

### Oscar Wilde Was Mentioned

Later, "The publication of a filthy sheet such as the Eye Opener is undoubtedly by a creature whose literary fulminations cannot but create the impression that he was born in a brothel and bred on a dunghill."

After these loosening-up exercises got down to business. "Nemesis" intend to show that he is a libeller, a character thief, a coward, a liar, drunkard, a dope fiend and

degenerate.''
"Nemesis" recalled the case of Oscar Wilde to show the effect of degeneracy those in the literary life, then he added: "Usually the fate of such unfortunates is poison, the pistol, the razor or the rope."

Edwards read only the first few paragraphs. Then he strode from his office to the quarters of Paddy Nolan. Paddy read the rest of the article to the editor who immediately demanded action for criminal libel.

McGillicuddy was represented by E. P. Davis, prominent Vancouver lawyer. The court house was crowded daily as Calgarians came out for the legal show. Many can still recall Davis pounding the jury box rail and thun-dering that Edwards was "a skunk, scamp and a scandal."

Nolan held that truth was the only

defense. The News counsel submitted some copies of the Eye Opener, notably the previous mentioned campaign against Alderman Stuart, and others with comments on the sporting

The jury found that Edwards had been libeled. However, they thoughtfully added the provision that libel was something not entirely foreign to the Eye Opener. McGillicuddy received only a nominal fine.

Bob never forgave nor forgot. Thirteen years later, when he was elected to the legislature and McGillicuddy ad died, this note appeared in the Eye pener. "Isn't it remarkable. Here I Opener. "Isn't it remarkable. Here I am in the legislature and McGillicuddy is in hell.

In 1915 the prohibition wrangle split Calgary. Edwards, addicted as he was



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IT'S SMART TO BUILD WITH THESE



to liquor, might have been expected to favor the "wets." In fact, he told a friend during the campaign that the hotelmen had offered him \$20,000 for his editorial support.

But Bob came out for the "drys"
—and they won. When the vote was
being counted Edwards was in hospital

recovering from a jag.

In 1917 the unpredictable bachelor editor married Kate Penman, of Calgary. She was considerably younger than his 53 years and still survives him.

By this time he had become an accepted part of the community. In 1921 a group of friends nominated him to run for the provincial legislature as an independent. Then they got his consent.

His campaign was typical Edwards. He packed up the Eye Opener, contending it was unfair to charge the customers for his election propaganda. He made no speeches but occasionally wrote articles in the Calgary Albertan. To people on the streets he promised that beer would run from the public fountains.

He came in fourth in a field of 19 and thus qualified for one of Calgary's five seats. When citizens asked about the beer in the fountains he replied, with dignity, that it was ridiculous to ask politicians never kept their promises.

— politicians never kept their promises.

He made only one speech in the legislature. It was a long-awaited event for it took Edwards some time to muster up his courage.

"He had several packets of ingredients for making beer," Robert Anderson, clerk of the legislature, recalls. "He would take them into the House, sit there throughout the debate, lose his nerve, come out and leave them there until the next day."

Finally Bob made his speech. He argued his favorite theory that 3½% lager beer should be allowed for sale and held up his packets of ingredients to illustrate that they could be bought easily in the story.

easily in the stores.

Of prohibition, he said: "One half the population of Alberta is trying to get liquor and the other half is trying to keep them from it. You can't expect to enforce any act with half the population against it." However, the "dry" forces were still in the saddle and Bob got only two supporting votes.

At the end of the session Bob was again a sick man. He went to the West Coast to rest and came down with influenza. It greatly weakened him, but he recovered sufficiently to come back to Calgary. On November 14, 1922, his heart gave out and with him died his paper. Friends published one last issue with reprints of some of his writings and tributes to him from leading citizens.

There have been attempts to revive the Eye Opener. A small magazinestyle paper with the title was published in the United States until the 30's, but it was more of a girlie picture and joke book. Rumors frequently get around that the paper will be revived, but as one old-timer commented, "How can they do that? They'd have to resurrect Bob Edwards."

In 1937 the Calgary Herald discovered that a headstone for Edwards' grave was still in the premises of a memorial stone company. Old-timers rallied immediately to buy it and place it on the grave, but one unknown citizen paid for it and a few hours after the newspaper had made its announcement the headstone was put in place.

A lot of words have been spilled in trying to explain Bob Edwards and his amazing newspaper, some of them damning, some apologetic. But the final words must lie with Edwards himself in the prayer which so often appeared in his paper:

"Lord, let me keep a straight way

"Lord, let me keep a straight way in the path of honor; and a straight face in the presence of solemn asses; let me not truckle to the high, nor bulldoze the low; let me frolic with the Jack and the Joker, and win the game; lead me unto truth and beauty and tell me her name; keep me sane but not too sane; let me condemn no man because of his grammar and no woman on account of her morals, neither being responsible for either.

"Preserve my sense of humor and values and proportions. Let me be healthy while I live but not live too long. Which is about all for today, Lord. Amen."

# The Canadian

Continued from page 20

most stable countries in the world today. When recently an Ontario Presbyterian of Scottish extraction was succeeded as prime minister by a French Roman Catholic from Quebec, there was scarcely a ripple of change discernible in either the internal or foreign policies of our government.

I repeat then: who is this puzzling Canadian and how did he get that way? I suppose you know that just a little less than half of the 13,300,000 we number are of Anglo-Saxon extraction. One third are French and the rest of other European stock.

We are sprung from many sources but the one thing we now have in common as a people is that we are Americans... North Americans... just as you are. Some of us were very early Americans. The French Canadian, for instance, has more American generations behind him than any other white stock north of the Rio Grande save the Spanish.

But two things distinguish us from other Americans.

One: We are the northern North American with all that implies in terms of influence of climate and terrain on character and a way of life. Two: We are the unique American in

Two: We are the unique American in that we alone among all the Americans of two continents have insisted on maintaining political connection with our parent stem in Europe.

Up and down the hemisphere all the way from Baffin Land to Patagonia, all other Americans at one time or another have cut the connection or had it cut for them . . . the Dutch, the Spanish, the Portuguese, the French, the midcontinent Anglo-Saxons who launched the U. S. A. Only the Canadian American refused to break his political continuity with history.

This is, of course, a simple and obvious fact but in my view it is the first basic clue to the Canadian character.

I don't think you can understand

the Canadian unless you appreciate that he is really two persons in one.

In one aspect of his being he is a Geography Man, a man molded by the geography of northern North America, a man who has had to build a way of life suited to a stern and difficult land, in the face of great obstacles both physical and political.

In his other aspect he is a History Man, a man who has responded and still responds to the pulls of history . . . a man driven by a deep intuitive response to the traditional values enterind in his better that the state of the

shrined in his heritage overseas.

The Canadian, in short, is the northern North American in whom there has been and still is a constant conflict between history and geography.

And the resulting dualism in his life has had a profound effect on his character, his attitudes and his status and role in the world.

### The Geography Man

You can see this dualism operating in the individual Canadian in the group and in the nation as a whole. I've seen a Canadian prime minister go to an imperial trade conference, for example, and do his utmost to throttle textile imports from England's Lancashire to safeguard the Canadian textile industry. That's the Geography Man acting on the basis of sheer self-interest.

The next day the same prime minister would get up on the platform and with a gesture worthy of a Roman senator wrap himself in the flag that flies over Lancashire. That's the History Man.

And the two men in one act with equal sincerity.

Which must be a bit baffling to the outsider. Sometimes it's baffling to the Canadian himself.

Like you, the Canadian in meeting the challenge of his geography, had first to unlock the keys to half a continent. You have only to look at your own map to see evidence of his footsteps in a wilderness. LaSalle, Pere Marquette, St. Louis, Champlain, Cadillac, Detroit, Ford's River Rouge, Duluth . . . all these and many more are Canadian

names, for it was the Canadian who first explored the great central interior of this continent from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson Bay.

Like you, we had to thrust steel from ocean to ocean and being very few in a very large space we had to take some wild gambles. Our first transcontinental was built by a population of 4.500,000; yours by a population of 37,000,000.

As with you, our geography broke down European class distinctions and made us democrats. The first English governor who came to Ontario after your revolution wanted to build a new British state in the north on the basis of an established church and a hereditary aristocracy based on the ownership of land.

But it wouldn't work. You couldn't make a duke out of 10,000 acres of virgin Ontario bush. There was more than enough for everybody and no man had to serve under another. The land laughed at the aristocrat and sprouted a new world democracy. It is not an accident that today we have no titles, hereditary or otherwise, despite the fact we have a king.

To survive in a harsh and empty land we had to breed a tough and stable people. At times we've had to take long chances but basically we are more cautious than you. We've had to be. Our climate allows us less margin of error. On the average the Canadian farmer, I suppose, must be poorer than the American farmer by four or five weeks of warm weather a year.

Our frontier is the Arctic wilderness and the wilderness still presses close upon our cities. From our capital's parliament buildings one looks upon the everlasting hills which, scarcely scarred by human hands, stretch unbroken to the empty northern sea. Nearly every Canadian at some time in his life has felt the shiver of awe and loneliness which comes to man when he stands alone in the face of untamed nature; and this is one reason why we are a sober and essentially religious people.

Your true Canadian loves this land Continued on page 34 FOR A REAL MOTORING THRILL

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Continued from page 32

and it has yielded him a competence which no nation outside your own, has equalled.

All of us are familiar with the fabulous outburst of productive energy which has swept your country during the past ten years. Some of you may be aware that something very lar has happened north of the similar has happened north of the border. Between 1938 and 1948 our population increased 16 per cent, employment increased 40 per cent and the volume of goods and services produced by 75 per cent. This has meant an advance in our average standard of living of roughly 50 per cent. Your advance, I'm told, has been approximately the same.

Geography has done very well by the Canadian.

### The History Man

What then impelled the Canadian to remain a History Man and alone among all the Americans stubbornly to cling to his political root in the face of a century and three quarters of rising isolationism in the whole American hemisphere?

The reasons for this go very deep and I'm not going to try to probe them fully here. One obvious cause was fully here. One obvious cause was the dynamic expansionism of a United States which during much of the nineteenth century felt its Manifest Destiny was to embrace at least all of North America above the Rio Grande. And we didn't want it that way.

Our original French, defeated by one conqueror, feared engulfment by an-other. The Anglo-Saxon loyalists who came to us after defeat in your revolutionary war, understandably, were determined not to be twice defeated. So together they drew on the power of the Old World to maintain a balance in the New.

Other deep emotional and spiritual urges were also at work, but reasons aside, the tenacity with which this Canadian American insisted maintaining the political link with Europe was extraordinary.

Even at a time when governing statesmen in England were talking about getting rid of "those wretched colonies . . . those millstones around our necks" and "looking forward without regret to Canada becoming an independent state," this dual per-sonality which is the Canadian insisted on sticking to his original political base come hell and high water.

But-and here we reach the heart of the story—he insisted on sticking on his own terms.

With remarkable results

Three years before your Declaration of Independence, Governor Hutchison of Massachusetts told the Assembly of that state:

"I know of no line that can be drawn between the supreme authority of Parliament (of Great Britain) and the total independence of the colonies.

The Canadian found that line. And in doing so he incubated a new political idea of major world significance. out of the struggle within the Canadian between History and Geography came first the fact and then the concept of that unique world political system known as the British Commonwealth of Nations, a system built on the idea that nations can achieve freedom and independence without complete separateness from others.

It took you ten years to write your Declaration of Independence and make it stick. It took us a century to make our declaration and we didn't write it

As with you, the Canadian to survive in the American scene had to adjust his life patterns, his political patterns,

to his geography. He had to be free to run his own affairs in his own way. This meant that he had to insist on the right to tell a king on the other side of the water how the king's business on this side of the water should But, unlike you, he couldn't be run. or wouldn't give up his king. His sen of history's continuity ran too deep for

As with you, in the beginning there was violence. Rebellion; marching and countermarching; blood was spilled, sowns and villages put to the torch; there were trials and hangings; political prisoners from the Canadas were shipped in hulks to far-off Tasmania

But in the end the Canadian got his way. Even as down through the centuries the king had become the servant of the people in Britain and the symbol of their oneness, so on this side of the water he became the servant of an American people and the symbol of their tie with an ancient root.

First we secured the right to govern our internal affairs without interfer-Then, because it was the only one which would work in Canadian geography, we had to devise a federal colitical system and graft it into the British system of parliamentary government.

Then, little by little, we got control over our external affairs. Slowly the concept emerged of a wholly autonomous nation freely associating with other nations for the preservation of a common way of life.

# Something New Under the Sun

Slowly the concept spread around the world as the other Dominions grew in the Canadian pattern. Slowly consequences of the Canadian's adjustment to the North American scene were projected back into the parent political structure and an empire was transformed into a commonwealth which was something new under the

There's high drama in the story if you see it in perspective and the drama is not yet played out. Within the year India has achieved freedom. But because the Canadian had shown it to be possible, hers too is a freedom without separateness; and an idea forged on the frontiers of America marches on to wider fulfillment in Asia.

In a sense one might say that the Canadian won an American revolution but did it on the world stage. And in so doing he remained the Keeper Bridge between the Old World and the New during a century and three quarters of American isolationism and sired one of the great political inventions of his or any other time.

That, in my view, is the larger significance of the word, "Canadian." That is the background which has made the Canadian what he is and given him a status and influence in the world greater than either his numbers or his material power would seem to warrant.

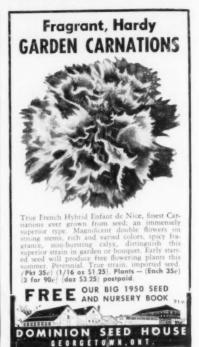
Inevitably this experience has left its stamp on his character and personality. His are both the weaknesses and the strengths of a man who has lived with

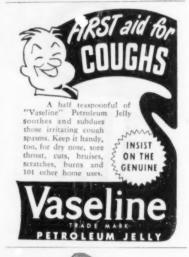
compromise,

His has been the middle course between time and space, between history and geography, as I have tried to show you.

The nation he contrived was born of compromise between two races, two languages, two cultures. Inevitably he has had to learn that there are always two sides to a case. And by the same token, down through the decades there have always been two kinds of Canadians to look at a case.

In buttressing his state against ex-ternal pressures he has had to learn the art of balancing power against







power, the power of a United States against the power of a Great Britain.

In economics, the nature of his resources and his capacity to produce wealth in abundance greater than his need have made him a man of two markets, home and foreign. The man who draws nearly one third of his stake from the world abroad knows that he cannot live unto himself alone

Emotionally, he has been the man of two worlds, the Old and the New, drawing spiritual sustenance from one and finding inspiration in the challenge of the other.

Culturally, his has been the task of trying to span the gap between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon, between medievalism and modern materialism, Catholicism and Protestantism.

Inevitably such a man is a moderate. a Man of the Middle. He is a con-servative but not a reactionary. He walks with tradition even as he marches with change. It is no accident that the only socialist government on the continent north of your southern bor-der is in a Canadian province—no accident either that it is only mildly socialist.

Inevitably such a man is skilled in the art of bringing opposites together, in the art of finding basis for agreement between two contending extremes.

This had to be true down through

the generations or there would have been no Canada and no Canadian.

These, I suggest, are some of the reasons why on that day back in 1946 at Lake Success La Guardia placed so much trust in his neighbor from the north and why that neighbor was able to resolve a dilemma

These are some of the reasons why his status in the world is what it is. Because of the vastness of his space

he covets no other man's space, hence no man fears him.

Because you and he have learned to share a continent in peace, he has been conditioned to the struggle of man against nature rather than of man against man. And yet when he has to fight he goes all out and can be very

On the world's political stage he is not big enough to be dangerous but he is big enough and so strategically situated that he has to be taken into account.

In an air age he sits astride the gr circle routes between Eurasia and the

He is the X which marks the spot where the north-south axis of Americas cuts the east-west axis of the world's major land masses.

#### The Ham in the Sandwich

In an age in which the world's centre of power is shifting from the basin of the Atlantic to the basin of the Pacific he has a door on both, not to mention his door on the Mediter-ranean of the Arctic.

Whether you look at him in relation to time or to space, destiny seems to have called this man to the role of The Man in the Middle. Some of us are beginning to wonder if one day he may not become the ham in the sand-wich between the Russian colossus and the American leviathan-minced ham,

But perhaps the most important aspect of his Man in the Middle role derives from his unconscious reconciliation of the seemingly opposite poles of nationalism and internationalism. You have seen how the Canadian

in resolving his history and geography conflict presented the world with the fact of the Commonwealth.

Not so obvious though is the concept which is implicit in that structure . the concept of limited national sovereignty.

The Canadian has shown that a nation can be . . . can achieve independent identity . . . can capture freedom to live its own unique life under a sovereignty not unlimited, but a sovereignty limited by organic association with other nations for a common purpose

And that way lies the only tolerable solution to the great problem of our time . . . the problem of achieving order with freedom in a world made anarchic by the unlimited sovereignty of the modern nation state.

The only other way is a universal state dictated from some such powermad capital as Moscow.

And that way lies an end to freedom

#### A Very Young Man Yet

And now I must tell you a story which has a certain Canadian flavor and which may indicate that this sober northerner of whom I have been speaking is not altogether humorless.

In the early years of this century we had a French-Canadian prime minister named Laurier who was be-loved by Canadians of both races and almost worshipped by the French of his native Quebec.

A French Canadian named Pierre had just returned from three months in the bush to sit by the fire with his crony, Jean, and catch up on the news. After both their pipes were drawing well the dialogue went something like

'Pierre, you hear the Queen, she's dead?" referring to the death a short time previously of Queen Victoria.

"No, Jean, I did not hear that. What sadness! I am very sorry to hear

Silence and puffing of pipes "And who is the Queen now?"

"Nobody is now the Queen. Edouard, the Queen's son, he is now the

Silence and more puffing of pipes. uddenly Pierre interjects: "And what Suddenly Pierre interjects: for they not make Laurier the King?

Oh, Pierre, you do not understand. On Pierre, you do not understand. They could not do that. When the Queen she's dead, the son, he is the King. It must be like that."

More silence. This time Jean interjects: "Pierre, you t'ink Laurier, he's

veree big man, eh?

'Yes, I t'ink Laurier, he's veree big

Long silence. Suddenly:

Long silence. Suddenly:
"Pierre, you t'ink Laurier he's bigger
man than King of England?"
"Yes, by gar, I t'ink Laurier, he's
bigger man than King of England."
Longer silence. Finally Jean again:

"Pierre, you t'ink Laurier veree big "Yes, I t'ink Laurier, he's veree big

"Pierre, you t'ink Laurier, he's big-

ger man than the Pope?"

Long, long, silence. Finally Pierre smacks his hand against his thigh and

Yes, by gar, I t'ink Laurier, he's bigger man than the Pope."
Still longer silence. Then Jean in

"Pierre, you t'ink Laurier, he's verce big man, ch?"

Yes, I t'ink Laurier, he's veree big man.

"Pierre, you t'ink Laurier, he's bigger man than Le Bon Dieu, the good

Long, long, long silence. Finally Pierre speaks suddenly and incisively: "Laurier . . . he is very young man

Ladies and Gentlemen. I give you the unique American, the Canadian ... who is a very young man yet. \*



EVERY important discovery relating L to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and suc-cessful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulat-ed through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

#### Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured: not Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power the important the important the important the important than in the important the important the important the important than in the important the important than important than important the important than important than important the important than important that important the important than important the important than important knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

#### Fundamental Laws of Nature

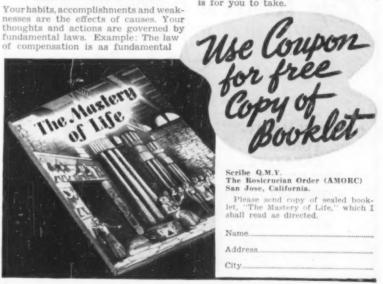
Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes.

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's electric truther forth the power in the property of the property You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucion Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a recommercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

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#### **Hotel Detective**

Continued from page 21

45-year-old, chess-playing Canadien smokes Turkish cigarettes, dines fre quently on lobster, chicken, filet mignon and wine, wears natty \$125 suits and rambow-hued ties, and sometimes disguises himself as Adolph Hitler

In the past year he successfully handled more than 99% of the hotel's 9,123 complaints which ranged all the way from noisy room parties to the disappearance of \$25,000 in jewels In the process, he has turned up more than \$150,000 worth of missing valuables belonging to guests, and a mixed assortment of lawbreakers including hotel thieves, card sharks, bad-cheque artists, counterfeiters, pickpockets, bill jumpers and towel swipers

Gregoire Garon is dark, ruggedly handsome in a Gallic way. His 200 pounds are solidly packed into a trim, broad-shouldered figure that stands exactly 5 feet 10. His dark brown eyes are friendly but shrewd, and his expressive face is framed by jet-black hair and a perpetual 5-o'clock shadow (he shaves three times a day).

His expression is deceptively gentle for

M. Garon is a tough man to tangle with. His personal armament includes a blue-steel .32 revolver (he can drill the ace of spades at 50 paces), a blackjack and handcuffs. Strangely enough, he has never used any of these in the line of duty although he has arrested hundreds of criminals, many of them armed. One reason is that he is an expert at jujitsu and commando-type fighting. He once subdued two fightingdrunk wrestlers, each weighing over 250 pounds, in less than three minutes. And like all hotel detectives he has a special house-dick grip which he uses when he takes a culprit's arm so he make a scene in the lobby.

However, Garon abhors violence and shuns any unnecessary display of force. He prefers to employ psychology, diplomacy and acting ability. Except in the case of a known criminal his approach to a suspect must be diplomatic in the extreme, and he must be constantly careful of false arrest for hotels have a marked aversion to being

#### Hitler Breaks Up Parties

Garon has to use diplomacy in just about every phase of his work, even to hushing a noisy room party. Garon knows that when people are paying as high as \$20 a night to stay at the Chateau, they sometimes resent the dick quieting them down.

"They do not go to a hotel to be at me. They go for a good time," aron says. "They want to have a rty, a vacation. Whenever possible Garon says. party, a vacation. I move particularly gay parties into an isolated room; however, even this is often a delicate operation."

Garon has found that while some parties react to the diplomatic approach, others respond better to the firm approach, the good-natured approach, the tough approach, the pleading approach, or to the humorous approach. Celebrating guests who fall Celebrating guests who fall into this last category get the Hitler treatment, a Garon stratagem.

In his suit-coat pocket he carries comb and a false mustache with gummed back. In a jiffy he flicks his straight black hair down across his forehead, fixes the little black mustache in place, puts a fanatic light in his eyes. Then he raps authoritatively on the door of the offending room.

The person who answers almost invariably retreats in surprise, though very tipsy Englishman nearly

broke up the act by exclaiming, "I say, old boy, we've met somewhere before, haven't we?" As a rule, however, Herr Hitler marches into the room unop-

. . Who are you?" someone "Who . always stammers

"I am the hotel security officer," Garon replies in an exaggerated German accent.

"But you look like Adolf Hitler."
"Shush!" Garon whispers, looking
rtively about. "This is the first job furtively about. I've been able to land since I lost my

business in Europe." Here the partying guests realize that it is all a joke and Garon gets his first laugh. He then proceeds to give them a short speech, still in an exaggerated German accent, on the necessity of

keeping the party quiet.
So far, Garon's Hitler treatment has never failed.

As a detective, Garon is convinced that he is Hercule Poirot in the flesh. Like Agatha Christie's famous little French detective, Garon solves pro-blems with "ze little grey cells." When a particularly baffling case comes up he retires to his office and refuses to speak to anyone until he has thought

#### No Teeth to Talk With

Many people who have stayed at the Chateau will readily agree that Garon is a real-life Hercule Poirot. Recently he received an admiring letter from three wealthy American women in which he was called just that. A few weeks earlier the women had been guests at the Chateau where, a scant 15 minutes after their arrival, they indignantly reported the theft of two bottles of whisky. They were sure bottles of whisky. They we the bellhop had taken the stuff.

But Garon, with swift and cunning deduction, tracked the missing liquor down to a "forgetful" clerk in a Provincial Liquor Commission store. "forgetful" clerk in a

Another time a woman reported the theft of two diamond rings worth \$10,000. She was sure the chambermaid had stolen them; Garon was certain the girl was honest. And, by making the guest recount what she had been wearing when she last wore the rings, he guessed that the jewelry would be in the matching handbag put aside when she changed her outfit. It

Cases like these occur almost daily. For Garon has found that in fully 90% of the cases reported as theft the miss ing article is not stolen at all, but either misplaced or left at home or at another hotel.

Once, three hours before he was cheduled to address a banquet in the Chateau's main ballroom, a former war correspondent phoned Garon and howled in an outraged lisp that someone had stolen his false teeth. Twenty minutes before the banquet started hawkshaw Garon had recovered the missing molars. They had been stolen all right, but no charges were ever ressed. It seems that the ex-war orrespondent was a rather pompous pressed. fellow and a bunch of fellow news-papermen had decided to deflate him absconding with his store teeth until after his speech.

Gregoire Garon's success as a hotel detective is undoubtedly due in large part to his training in the CPR's Investigation Department. This highly specialized department is a self-contained 5,000-man police force within the globe-girdling Canadian Pacific transportation system.

The hotels are one of the investigation department's biggest jobs because they are miniature cities and are tempting, often highly vulnerable, to lawbreakers. Of all the CPR's hotels, the stately, multiturreted Chateau Frontenac is considered the most difficult to police. In its oak-beamed lobby, royalty and statesmen, millionaires and movie stars rub shoulders with Mr. and Mrs. Average America, for the Chateau is a tourist mecca.

This concentration of people and wealth in one building makes the Chateau a prime target for crooks and a king-sized headache for the house dick.

Garon looks on the Chateau as a village with a continually changing population. The 18-floor hotel with its 811 rooms houses an average of 1,500 guests a day. Of these, 1,000 check out and another 1,000 check in every day. Despite all precautions a certain percentage of deadbeats and undesirables is bound to trickle in.

Add to these figures the hotel's 975 employees, the 3,000-odd nonresidents who use its restaurants, bar, dance floor, stores and other facilities each day, and the 6,000 others who just walk through the lobby and public rooms each week end, and you have just a rough idea of chief security officer Garon's problem.

#### Dving Is Not Allowed

His staff of 15 security officers (sometimes all on duty at the same time) may seem hopelessly inadequate in numbers, but it is large compared to the lone house dick of yesterday. Sometimes when the going gets really tough — especially when there are several large conventions at the same time—Garon hires off-duty city detectives to help out. They always jump at the chance of making a few extra bucks.

Garon, too, often pursues a crook outside the hotel. Besides his CPR police badge he also carries another badge that identifies him as a special constable of the Quebec Provincial Police.

Inside the hotel the smallest "unpleasantness" is always shrouded in strictest secrecy and soon is lost in the hubbuh of daily routine.

hubbub of daily routine.

The two words that head the taboo list of the Chateau are death and prostitution. In the hotelman's vocabulary, murder, suicide, accidental and natural death, are all lumped under the one veiled term: demise. They are all "natural deaths," or at the very worst, "accidental deaths," or at the very worst, "accidental deaths" as far as the public is concerned. As Garon laconically puts it, "dying of any sort is not permitted on these premises." Neither is prostitution, the only difference being that the hotel has more control over the latter.

Prostitution, however, is not a big problem at the Chateau. Garon knows every professional and amateur harlot in Quebec City by sight and he has only to look at them for them to vanish. There is, though, always the problem of men bringing women friends to their rooms, or vice versa.

The Chateau, like other hotels, has to treat this situation with much tact. They do not consider themselves the protectors of their guests' morals, nor the judges. They allow visitors in the rooms until 11 p.m. After that hour guests who are registered as singles and who have visitors in their rooms are tactfully reminded of this rule. Guests who had the foresight to register as doubles are not disturbed.

On rare occasions very prominent men who are frequent guests of the hotel are not disturbed either. They are merely charged as a double.

are merely charged as a double.

Most people wonder how the house dick knows that a man has a woman in his room. Many hotels have transoms or grilles in the doors and the night patrolman on his hourly check merely listens at the door and reports to the security office. The Chateau has no

door grilles but Garon's eyes in every part of the hotel—the bellboys, the elevator operators, the maids, the room service waiters—keep him informed.

The Chateau has never had its grand piano stolen from its ballroom as one Western hotel had a few years ago, but Garon has caught thieves walking out with paintings from Chateau salons, silverware from Chateau dining rooms, and blankets from Chateau beds. Once he nabbed a man who was trying to smuggle out one of the hotel's three-foot-high antique ash-tray stands under his coat.

One time, on a tip from a chambermaid, Garon stopped a gentle-looking little old lady just as she was leaving the hotel with her bags. Before she left her room she had stripped it of everything from bed linen to the window drapes.

Yet, despite all his efforts, the Chateau loses upward of 35,000 pieces of silverware and linen each year.

Behind the scenes at the Chateau Garon has much to guard. The cashier has between \$30,000 and \$50,000 in small bills on hand each day. The hotel safe frequently holds as much as \$200,000 in cash and valuables deposited for safekeeping by guests.

On its three underground "cellar floors" are the Chateau's stores and shops—electrician, laundry, locksmith, plumber, printer, carpenter, upholsterer, and dozens of others, each a completely self-contained unit with its own staff, equipment and stores.

The estimated value of the "steal-

The estimated value of the "stealable" stores is close to \$1 million. For example, there is always \$40,000 worth of canned and fresh food on hand, double this in meat, fish and dairy products, and eight times this in liquors, wines and beers.

Garon, son of a Canadien farmer, the seventh of 13 children, became known as "the man in Room 5112" when he was chosen to fill the Chateau berth. He had started in the Chateau at 19 as an elevator boy, and for 19 years quietly worked his way through the ranks to the night auditor post. When he was 38 he left to join the CPR's Investigation Department; on his return he found welcoming smiles from old friends and the willing co-operation a house dick must get from the staff.

#### Snared by a Secret Snap

Garon approves of the tag "the man in Room 5112" for "diplomatic reasons." I understood what he meant by this when I overheard one bellboy tell another in the Chateau's crowded lobby: "Hey, Joe, the gentleman in fifty-one twelve wants to see you as soon as you're through there."

To guests within earshot this meant nothing. But if he had said "the security officer" or "the house dick" it might have shattered the Chateau's carefully cultivated genteel atmosphere.

Room 5112 looks like what it is—a bedroom turned into an office. There is a bed, a dresser and a washstand, there are also filing cabinets, desks, tables, a battered typewriter, and a cluttered bulletin board. The last is covered with photos and descriptions of known and suspected (but not necessarily "wanted") hotel thieves, confidence men, card sharks and miscellaneous other miscreants.

These secret snapshots have led to the downfall of more than one criminal. One time Garon spotted two men who resembled candid photos of suspects getting into a Chateau elevator. He followed them up to the crown floor (the 13th) where he caught them in the act of rifling a room. Though both were armed, Garon arrested them without even drawing his gun. Later



# "Someday" comes closer with every dollar you save

Most of us have to plan for the good things of life.

And a big part of that planning is a matter of dollars and cents—of earmarking a certain part of our earnings for the things we want most.

It's not always easy, especially these days.

But the fact remains that what you save is still the most important—the most satisfying—part of what you earn. Are you hoping for something...or saving for it?





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You'll be surprised how quickly a bad winter cough can be relieved, when you this well known recipe. It is universally used throughout Canada because it gives such gratifying results. It's no trouble at all to mix, and costs but a trifle.

Into a 16 ounce bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex; then fill up with granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounce. Syrup is easily made with 2 cups of sugar and 1 cup of water, stirred a 1ew moments until dissolved. No cooking needed. Or you can we corn syrup or liquid honey, instead of sugar syrup. This makes four times as much cough medicine for your money. It never spoils and tastes fine.

Quickly you feel its penetrating effect. It loosens the phiegm, helps to clear the air passages, and soothes the irritated membranes. This three-fold action explains why it brings such quick relief in distressing coughs.

Pinex is a special compound of proven ingredients, in concentrated form, well known for its soothing effect on throat irritations. Money refunded if it does not please you in every way.



#### HANDIEST THING IN THE HOUSE FOR 101 EVERYDAY USES

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they confessed to 183 hotel robberies. They drew 10 years apiece.

Most mornings Garon leaves his modern apartment in suburban St. Pascal de Baylon before 7. His first duty on reaching his office is to check with his chief assistant Georges Fav-reau on what happened during the

Then he checks the night patrol This is a punch-clock system ensuring the night patrolmen cover all the corridors once an hour.

Garon's next job is breakfast. This, like his other meals, almost invariably consists of lobster, chicken, or filet mignon-what he calls "thought-producing food." Besides meals and train passes the CPR also gives him \$3,000 year to protect the Chateau and contents

Garon also makes an undisclosed amount in tips from guests he has served well. He always refuses a tip on principle, but if pressed hard enough he accepts. ("I used to be a bellboy, you know.") He calls this his cigarette money and he admits that

his Yenidje leaf cigarettes are expen-

After breakfast Garon checks the st and found department—about 2,000 articles a week. Some 20% these are never claimed. Among Among the articles unclaimed for 10 or more years: a Japanese parasol, a raccoon coat, a straw hat, a teddy bear, and half a bottle of whisky.

Around 9 a.m. Garon meets with manager George Jessop or one of the three assistant managers, William Cashman, Dave McCartney and Stanley Higgins, to discuss any important questions such as pending conventions. Conventions are always

big headaches for Garon.
"In the summer," he explains, "the tourists drive all day and want to sleep at night. In the winter people come by train for conventions and the winter sports and they want to whoop it up at night."

After conference Garon is ready for "the daily routine of guarding the hotel and protecting the guests—sometimes from themselves." The highlight comes at a different hour each day when he escorts the cashier to the bank. The cashier carries around \$50,000 in a brown brief case. Garon

carries his revolver in his pocket.

He changes his clothes half a dozen times a day. He keeps six of his 24 suits and 50 of his 200 gaudy ties in his office. The changing-clothes routine is part of his job.

If he appeared about the hotel in, say, a blue suit all day people would begin to notice him. So in the morning he might wear a quiet business suit but brilliant tie, looking the typical young business executive. At lunch he may be mingling with conventioning guests, dressed in another suit complete with convention rosette. During the winter season he frequently wears ski clothes. In the summer he often dresses like an American tourist.

"It is a bit of a paradox," Monsieur Gregoire Garon often says. "House dicks used to be conspicuous because they tried to be inconspicuous. Today we are inconspicuous because we are conspicuous. Is it not so?"

#### **Drugs From Dirt Are** Saving Lives

Continued from page 24

On his arrival Payne was greeted by a typhus epidemic. Bolivian authorities asked him to visit Camacho Province where people were dying daily. Some were so weak that they could not take the new drug by mouth; it had to be administered by hypodermic.

Payne treated 21 cases of severe typhus and two of typhoid fever. In some cases the patients were nearly dead. Yet in three days all were cured. Usually typhus drags on for weeks, killing many of its victims.

This so impressed Dr. Joseph Smadel, the director of virus research for the U. S. Army Medical School, that he U. S. Army Medical School, that he led an expedition to Malaya, a hotbed of scrub typhus. With him Smadel had all the Chloromycetin in the world at that time, roughly one pound. With a colleague, Dr. Theodore E. Woodward, of Baltimore, he treated 32 Malayan, East Indian and Chinese the control of the cont patients. All were far advanced in the

The doctors were startled and delighted when a cure resulted in every case, even when serious complication were present. A few patients took longer to be cured and it turned out they were suffering from typhoid, not typhus.

Heartened by this evidence of new ability for the drug the two doctors next treated 10 cases of severe typhoid. Most of the patients were in the 10th day of the fever, with 10 to 20 days to go if they recovered at all. But in an average of three and a half days after Chloromycetin was begun the fever was gone. Two severe complications—one a perforation of the intes-tine which is often fatal in typhoid— made equally startling recoveries.

Aureomycin is equally amazing in its cures. Early in the history of the drug a young boy was brought into a New Jersey hospital from a summer He had a fever of 104 degrees His headache, aching joints and red rash were typical of a severe case of Rocky Mountain spotted fever; he soon lapsed into a coma.

This disease ordinarily kills 10% of its victims and leaves one fourth with complications after a severe illness of several weeks. The child was given Aureomycin, came out of his coma, and his temperature soon dropped to

normal. In another day he was apparently well

In 28 other cases of the same diseas all over the U.S., the average length of the fever after the drug was taken was 48 hours, with recovery in five to seven

Another serious rickettsiae called Q-fever (isolated first in Queensland, Australia) has been steadily in-But it, too, is beaten by Aureomycin in a few days.

Aureomycin also attacks another kind of typhus, the "murine" form carried by rat fleas. This fever is widely present in the southern U. S., but may develop anywhere where rats and fleas are present. It is a long and fleas are present. It is a long disabling disease with frequent com-plications. Aureomycin brings it to heel in 48 hours with recovery in less

#### Now They Starve the Germs

These new drugs-substances produced by living things which attack living things—are called "antibiotics." They do not work like germicides and antiseptics which directly attack and destroy microbes; instead they interfere with the nutrition of their victims. They make it impossible for the microbe to nourish itself or reproduce, thus the germ is weakened, and the body destroys it.

Many antibiotics have been discov ered which fight germs effectively, but most of them are dangerous. The three newest members of the antibiotic family are, however, almost devoid of danger to the human body.

The race to find "paydirt" in the

earch for antibiotic drugs began when Dr. R. J. Dubos, of the Rockefeller Foundation, isolated a powerful anti-biotic called tyrothricin from soil germs in 1939. Next came Waksman's discovery of streptomycin. With the impetus of this work, and Waksman's long experience in soil culture, scientists all over the world began to explore this fertile new source of disease-fight-

In the Detroit laboratories of Parke, Davis and Company a small army of research scientists began investigating the possibilities of soil molds as anti biotic producers. Dr. Paul Burk-holder, of Yale, first cultured soil samples from abroad. Those showing promise were sent on to Detroit for further investigation.

After months of study a particularly promising specimen grown from soil near Caracas, Venezuela, was prosaically labeled A-65 and passed along to

The first inkling that A-65 was something phenomenal was when Dr. I. William McLean showed that it was a potent weapon against rickettsiae. other drug in history had attacked these vicious killers before.

Parke Davis scientists next separated Parke Davis scientists next separated the pure drug in crystals from the crude culture mold. This entirely new compound — Chloromycetin — ordinarily contained two chemicals poisonous to man. Yet the drug itself is completely harmless. It proved itself when Payne saved the 21 typhus victims in Bolivia.

Recently a group of chemists at Parke Davis, particularly Dr. Mildred Rebstock, has produced Chloromycetin rebestock, has produced Chloromycetin chemically through synthesis. It is first of the antibiotic drugs to be synthesized in amounts of any size. The laboratory product has already proved just as effective a disease fighter as that produced from the original mold.

The synthesis of Chloromycetin promises to be one of the most significant steps in treating human illness in modern times, if not in history. Already byproducts are being found which may outstrip the already phenomenal accomplishments of the parent drug. At present roughly five times as much Chloromycetin is being produced by chemical synthesis as by the earlier culture methods.

#### Gold Mold Was a Gold Mine

Aureomycin was produced almost simultaneously with Chloromycetin. In 1941 Lederle Laboratories, of New York City and Pearl River, N.Y., invited Dr. Benjamin M. Duggar to come to their laboratories as their consultant in mold and fungus studies. Duggar, a recognized expert in

field, was not long in producing results. More than 600 soil samples had been gathered from all over the United gathered from all over the States and the researchers started growing molds. More than 30,000 strains of mold were tested and from these 3,400 strains were selected as promising.

One, labeled mold No. 377, which looked like a winner, grew with a beautiful golden color. The substance it produced, Aureomycin, has proved a gold mine of germ-fighting power.

In many cases Aureomycin—and this is generally true of Chloromycetin too
does the work of penicillin and streptomycin combined. For example, take "gram positive" and "gram negative" bacteria. A dye called "gram's stain" is used to color germs so they can be seen under a microscope. When iodine is added one type of germ called "gram negative" loses its stain. This kind is attacked by streptomycin. The other kind, "gram positive," holds the stain when treated by iodine.

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his too Penicillin attacks many of these, but the new drugs from dirt hit both groups hard. And the new products also can be used to attack certain organisms which infect the eye.

In pneumonia Aureomycin has an advantage over penicillin. One difficulty in treating pneumonia lies in determining the type early. For example, one type of pneumonia is cured by penicillin but "virus" is not affected by it. Now the doctor no longer need worry. Aureomycin cures both kinds rapidly and effectively.

Although Aureomycin and Chloromycetin are both simple to administer, being taken in capsule form, they should not be taken except upon the orders of a physician. The diseases they control are all serious and the cost of the drug is high; a diagnosis should be made before treatment is begun

#### At \$1.33 a Dose They're Cheap

Aureomycin and Chloromycetin cost roughly \$1.33 for an average dose at Canadian drugstore prices. This is roughly 20% higher than in the U.S. The price of both drugs has been cut several times since they went on the market and it is expected that they will be cut again as better production methods are developed.

But, expensive as they are, Chloromycetin and Aureomycin have brought a big break in the rising costs of medical care. Ordinarily they are given every four hours, thus the cost of a day's treatment is roughly \$8 in Canada. But because these new disease fighters can be used at home in many cases, even in serious illnesses such as typhus or "virus pneumonia," they save the cost of hospitalization and the frequent injections necessary with both penicillin and streptomycin.

The promise of these new antibiotic

The promise of these new antibiotic drugs is breath-taking to contemplate, for with the byproducts which will

almost certainly be developed and their effect upon both "gram-negative" and "gram-positive" bacteria, plus the previously unheard-of feat of killing rickettsiae and viruses as well, the whole army of man's microscopic enemies may soon be in full retreat.

#### A New Weapon Against T.B.

Streptomycin was the first drug in history to give any solid promise in treating tuberculosis. Although still disputed by some, its benefit in many forms of T.B. is beyond question; and roughly three fourths of the world's output of streptomycin is now being used for attacking the disease. Streptomycin must, however, be given by injection over long periods, and the drug sometimes causes complications. Cases of nerve damage after using streptomycin have been reported.

Recently Selman Waksman (who discovered streptomycin) and a Canadian graduate student at Rutgers, Hubert A. Lechevalier, have produced a new mold product which they call neomycin.

Neomycin, young as it is, shows great promise. It is effective against germs in very small amounts. For example, when diluted as much as 25,000 times its volume it still stopped the growth of staphylococcus aureus, a common germ causing boils, but one often very hard to kill.

Neomycin strikes a body blow against many bacteria, both "gram negative" and "gram positive," but it is in fighting tuberculosis that it seems to hold its greatest promise

to hold its greatest promise.

It stops the growth of the experimentally grown tuberculosis germ far more effectively and rapidly than streptomycin and also has the considerable advantage of being nontoxic, causing none of the ill effects of the earlier drug. It seems likely, too, that neomycin will be very effective when given by mouth.

To date, the trial period for this drug in animal and human T.B. has not been completed, so it is far too early to define its ultimate effect. But the promise is there.

Never before in the history of medicine have so many important discoveries been made within a decade and so many lives saved . . . with dirt. \*

# Be sure of the feet that the feet of the f



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#### Birthday of a Red God

Continued from page 16

fought against each other, now we would be guardians of the peace, brothers in the arts and guardians of Western Democracy . . . You can fill in the rest without much effort.

Nor was the scene lacking in the element of emotion. We who have not been conquered or occupied by a foreign foe for endless centuries have no conception of the toll that it takes from the human spirit. These Germans were courteous, friendly and intelligent but their eyes are dead. A smile that does not reach the eyes is nothing but a contortion of the features. Hitler and the occupation made living corpses out of the German people. The danger is that another strong man will appear and be their resurrection.

It was not long after that luncheon that M. Stalin celebrated his 70th birthday. Now let it be admitted at once that Stalin is a man of courage, self-discipline and imagination with a genius for organization.

genius for organization.

I remember vividly the time Beaverbrook returned from his flying visit to Moscow when the Germans were almost at the gates of the city.

Beaverbrook went at the head of a

large Whitehall mission but characteristically, he left them kicking their heels at their hotel and did business direct with Stalin. This surprised and delighted the Russian leader. He was a dictator who took his own decisions and had a temperamental distrust of all committees.

Neither Stalin nor Beaverbrook spoke the other's language, but that did not matter. They had an interpreter present, but dictators understand each other by instinct.

"You have too great a regard for human life in the West," said Stalin. Already he was planning to stretch the Russo-German line to breaking point and then, by mass assaults at given points (losing three men to the Germans' one), force the Germans to fall back and establish another line.

The commission that accompanied Beaverbrook included experts extremely competent at their jobs; they expected to be in Moscow for at least a month working out the details. Instead it was done in a couple of days by two men with much in common, including the fact that they were born in the same year.

"Stalin's a tough fellow," Beaver-

"Stalin's a tough fellow," Beaverbrook said admiringly when he came back.

"That English lord is a tough fel-

You get them in a Fridal Period Range

low," said Stalin to a diplomat who saw him after the Germans had started their retreat from Moscow.

That is a picture of Stalin in the war—a rugged, ruthless, fearless realist. But if it is a true picture then what were his thoughts when Russia was organized for the most sycophantic, lunatic tribute ever made to any human being on his 70th birthday?

This man was no Romanoff with generations of flattery in his blood. This man was no maniac like Hitler who drank deep draughts of adulation and called for more, more, more. This man was not even a Mussolini who played the buffoon dictator to please the childlike minds of the Italian

Then if he is none of these things who and what is he? In Britain we have a remarkable annual publication called "Who's Who" which is not so much concerned with respectability (although it is very partial to peers) as it is with determining whether a person is of interest. Thus, in spite of some caustic comment, it included Hitler, Goering and Mussolini in its annual editions throughout the war, giving us their pedigree, age, relaxations and even their telephone numbers in case you felt like calling them up.

In the current issue of "Who's Who," sandwiched between Lord Stalbridge and Colonel Stallard I find the entry: STALIN—Generalissimo Joseph Vissarionovich. He was born in Tiflis, his father being Vissarion Djugashvilli, cobbler. His wife died in 1932 and there are two children.

#### Expelled, and Proud of It

So far, except in the difference of the names, the description might fit any self-made man who rose to an eminence where he could not be left out of books of record. Naturally, when a man is selected for inclusion in "Who's Who," he carefully selects those vital facts in his life which are creditable and omits the others. For example you never read, "Expelled from Eton" or "Sent down from Cambridge."

But that is where Stalin is different. When the Russian Embassy in London supplied "Who's Who" with essential data this item was included: Educated Tiflis Theological School 1894-99. (Expelled for political activity.)

With engaging candor the record then states that between 1902-1913 Stalin was arrested and escaped five times. It is quite true that these arrests were for acts of violence in a political cause and therefore acquire a certain respectability, but there is still a refreshing candor about it all.

But how does it deal with his part

But how does it deal with his part in the great October Revolution of 1917? Naturally he makes no mention of the fact that it was Kerensky and his Liberals (Russian variety) who made the revolution in April of that year and overthrew the Czar. It might cause people to remember that if Kerensky had not made the brave mistake of keeping Russia in the war the Communist Revolution would probably never have happened.

However, even Stalin could hardly

However, even Stalin could hardly leave out Lenin, even if Trotsky's charge was true that Stalin had the little man murdered. So there appears this item: 1917—Edited Pravda and with Lenin led the October Revolution.

The rest consists of honors heaped upon honors. In case you wish to write to him "Who's Who" gives his address as The Kremlin, Moscow, U.S.S.R. It does not say what street, but no doubt the postmen know where it is

Whether we believe that Stalin's rise is good or bad for humanity no one

can deny its full measure of human achievement. He kept his course through discouragement, violence, intrigue and victory. And eventually this gambler with death reached the allotted span of 70 years.

Never in the history of human

Never in the history of human adulation have such tributes been paid to any man as on this anniversary

to any man as on this anniversary.

The musician Prokofiev declared:
Stalin! Everything is included in that
tremendous name. The party, the country, love, immortality—everything.

This set a pretty high standard but

This set a pretty high standard but the poets were not to be outdone by a musician. Here is one of their eulogies: Stalin is the wisdom of the ages.

Stalin is the youth of the Earth. You might have thought that this would have kept the other poets quiet, but they were taking no chances. Just listen to this experiment in cestasy:

Great Stalin, Who gave life to men,

Who made the earth fertile
Who gives blossom to the spring.

Who gives blossom to the spring. The unfortunate novelists, realizing that they had been done in by a musician and the poets, merely said that all inspiration, style and truth came to them through Stalin. One wonders how Tolstoy, Turgenev and

Chekov contrived to write their classics before Stalin was known to them even by name.

The scientists did their best by stating that Stalin was their Supreme Teacher and bowed their heads before his "majestic plans for changing nature."

Nor did this abasement of human dignity take place only in Russia. In the Soviet Zone of Berlin there was a torchlight procession bigger and better than anything ever put on for Hitler. At a great gathering in the temporary opera house the principal speech was made by Herr Rau, Minister for Planning in the parliament of the zone.

#### Treacle Tart and Banana

This was his peroration: Stalin is the sanctuary of peace, the greatest man of the century, the glory of the century, a towering philosopher, the priceless never - to - be - repeated, the unique and greatest man.

The mere setting down of these words makes me feel as if I am on an ocean liner in a rough sea having just eaten a very fat pork chop, a huge treacle tart and an overripe banana. That

men of ability should crawl on their bellies and deify a human being beyond the stature of God is something that fills me with disgust and almost with despair.

I remember once how Churchill dealt with a man at a public function who praised him somewhat beyond the borders of normal public tribute. "If these things be true of any man," said Churchill, "then they should never be said while he is alive."

The most disturbing feature of the Russian tragi-comedy is that none of these sycophants knows anything at all about Stalin. He does not walk the streets, debate in parliament, or mix with the men and women of his day. Once a year he stands at Lenin's tomb while the tanks rattle by and massed battalions march past. Occasionally from the dark interior of the imperial box at the Moscow Opera he gives the audience a glimpse of his nose or his mustache, but this hardly requires genius. He does not travel through his country to shed the glory of his country and the second of the second of

He is a legend built up by all the artifice of modern propaganda, a legend based upon the superstition of the Russian people who called the Czar "Little Father" when propaganda was in its infancy.

Yet if it out-Hitlers Hitler and out-does Napoleon, it is all in the same tradition. When I was in Rome in January 1939 with Neville Chamber-lain I watched Mussolini on a platform take the march past of the facisti youth while the crowds chanted a sort of Dervish chorus of "Doo-chie, Doo-chie, D

Like Napoleon, Stalin and Hitler, the Duce was short of stature so he had a hidden step to stand on which gave him an extra eight inches. As he had a trick of thrusting his jaw forward by at least two inches, he looked to the crowds like an avenging Thor instead of like a tubby little waiter from a cheap café in Soho.

When will mankind learn that to

When will mankind learn that to deify one among their number is to destroy both God and themselves? So descinated were the French by their little emperor that they bled and died in such numbers that France went into a decline from which she has never really recovered. The Hitler legend sent 20 millions to their death and brought the civilized world to the brink of collapse.

#### Saved by a Prayer

Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

CANADIANECDOTE

WHEN the ox went missing in the village of Vittoria, 50 miles southwest of Hamilton, Ont., one day in the 1830's, there was a great flurry of excitement. Stealing was a capital offense.

The local cop swiftly traced the hide to Richard Carr's house, and Carr and another man—the inevitable "Mr. Smith" —were arrested, tried and sen-

tenced to death.

They would have been executed the next day, but the sheriff, wise to the value of good public relations, decided that the people should get to see the double hanging. The word went out and the scattered population began to trek into the village for the show.

My uncle, the Rev. John Ryerson, and Dr. John Rolph (later one of Mackenzie's aides in the rebellion of 1837) were among the minority who were horrified at the thought that two men were to die for such a paltry offense.

Ryerson and Rolph talked the

situation over hurriedly, then Rolph galloped off toward York to seek a reprieve from the governor of the province. Uncle John did his best to comfort the prisoners. Most people thought the two idealists were wasting their time and energy.

Execution day arrived and the carnival crowd waited impatiently around the gallows. No sign of Rolph. Uncle John began to pray, very slowly.

After half an hour's prayer,

After half an hour's prayer, the watchers were shuffling; after an hour, even the condemned were bored; after two hours' solid prayer came the shout, "Here is the doctor!"

Rolph dashed up on a heaving horse, waving a paper. "Here's a reprieve from the governor," he shouted. The minister quietly fainted.

A few months later the legislature passed an act abolishing the death penalty for theft.

Richard Carr lived to be 80, and died peacefully at Erie, Pennsylvania.

nsylvania.
—Winnifred Ryerson Gray.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave.,

#### A Remote and False God

Thank heaven we do things differently in the English-speaking nations. In Canada you constantly returned Mr. Mackenzie King to power but, if my memory is correct, you did not tell him that he was greater than Caesar. As a matter of fact I can remember occasional comments which suggested that Mr. King was subject to human frailties even as you and I.

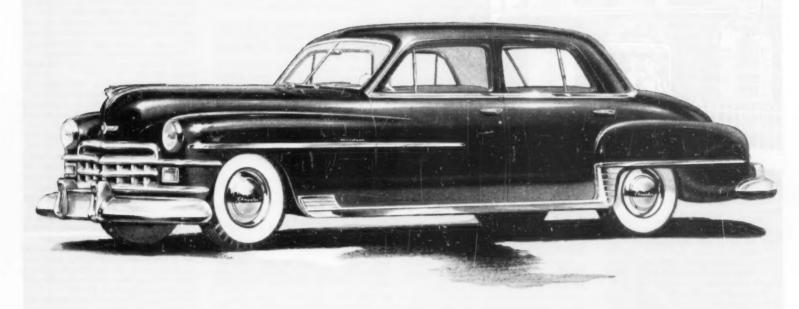
I have not heard that the Australians

I have not heard that the Australians have said Mr. Menzies is the Fount of All Wisdom, or that the New Zealanders have cried that Mr. Holland outshines the sun, or that the South Africans have proclaimed Dr. Malan the source of genius and wisdom for mankind.

As for the British they promptly threw out Churchill as soon as they got a chance. I do not applaud that action but it was in the great tradition of our race.

Some day Stalin may decide on war. If that happens then the crime will not be his alone. It will be shared by all those who abased themselves before him and raised a false god who was remote from the wise counsel of ordinary men.





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#### The Night Wild Horses Raced With Death

Continued from page 13

mouth. There would be need for energy

Andy spoke fast: "Quick Dorothy, get the disinfectant. I'll saddle up." He ran for the door

Louis flopped panting into a chair and held his head between his hands. "Poor Vinney," he moaned, "Poor

Dorothy ran out of a back room with a quart bottle of mercurochrome and everal clean pillowcases. I stood at the

door.
"I'll take those things, Dorothy.
"Anahim that can There's no horse in Anahim that can step on that bay's heels I'm riding."

She thrust the stuff into my hands. I said. "Get me a couple of pounds white flour.

She was almost instantly back with the flour and a small ball of heavy braided cord. "Tourniquets," she said. I whirled around to Louis who was

I whirled around to Louis who was now back on his feet. "I get fresh horse," he said. "I come behind." "Yes Louis," said Dorothy. "Pick out a fresh horse, but ride like the wind for Jane Bryant. She's home now. Been training for a nurse. You know where the horses are, Louis." "I go like hell. I kill one more horse!" he snapped.

Dorothy turned to me. "Tell Vinney I'm going to try and get through to

I'm going to try and get through to Ashcroft on the phone. They may be able to connect me up with Vancouver and send a plane and a doctor.'

#### The Bay and the Buckskin

Dorothy was as calm as a precision machine. I moved out of the door as she lifted the receiver and rang for the operator in distant Kleena Kleene Louis Squinas followed me through the

door.
"Where is Vinney?" I asked him.
"Two miles other side Behind cabin.

Two meadows he come together."

I knew the spot. I tied the bundle in back of my saddle, untied Stuyve, and swung aboard as Andy came riding out of the corral on a buckskin mare.

"I'm packing the stuff," I called to him as Stuyve shot out of the yard.

"Take it away," he yelled back.

A hard-packed, well-traveled hay road reached ahead of me. Stuyve was a typical Arabian. He was a horse ready to stretch into a run any time you gave him his head and he could feel the excitement or the tension of Now he sprung into his bit and I held him down to an ordinary run.

I figured out the distance to the connecting meadows from Christen-son's -- more than six miles. No horse can go at race-track pace that far over rough country. We swung through a gate at the edge of a long lane and I reined Stuyve into a heavy timbered

I looked back. Andy was only a few lengths behind me, but I could see buckskin was running at her limit.

We shot out of the timber and across a meadow. Now Stuyve was heated up. He ground his mouth into his bit, fighting to get his head. The meadow disappeared behind us.

Fresh clear wind swept past my face; now and then a fleck of horse sweat spattered back. A patch of black mud loomed up ahead and I sawed Stuyve down as quick as I could. He slugged with short running steps through the mud and came up fast on the other

He was breathing hard—another quarter faded behind—more timber

ahead. A half mile through the timber and I pulled the bay back into a lope. He was heaving. Three and a half miles lay behind us, three and a half Three and a half miles and not many minutes. I eased Stuyve back into a trot, but he fought for his head. His chest heaved and his

sweat turned to lather.

Ahead of us meadows and occasional clumps of jack pines dotted the land-scape. Stuyve's breath was evening I let him into his ground-reaching run again.

I looked back across the openingsign of the buckskin. The Behind cabin came into view as we veered

around the horse pasture. Stuyve fought for more bit.

Now I let him reach out farther and faster. His neck strained ahead. Far up ahead twin jack-pine islands jutted out of a sea of green meadow. "We're out of a sea of green meadow, nearly there," I told Stuyve. islands were coming closer. Meadow stubble flashed by like light, and we shot into the neck between.

Three men were packing a coat-made stretcher; on it more coats covered a huddled figure. Snatching off my bundle I ran toward the group. Stuyve stood foam-covered in his tracks.

I thought of Vinney as I ran forward. I had met him in Bella Coola. He was the kind you wouldn't easily forget: a tall, clean-cut, brownish-blond man in his late 40's, a mountain climber, big-game hunter, sportsman. He came through the thickest of the fighting in World War I unscathed. What irony, I thought.

I steeled myself. "Hello Vinney. Squinas got through to us. I've got some junk to put on your wounds."

Vinney's face was green. A strange light shone from his eyes. He looked steadily at me and spoke slowly and

"Hello there, Rich. Never expected to see you here.

The Christenson cowhands, Billy Dagg, Stanley Dowling and Mac Mac-Ewen, set the stretcher down. None of

them had spoken.

I bent down over Vinney and carefully withdrew the boys' bloody coats and shirts

Brown-haired, square-jawed Stanley Dowling stepped up and I handed him the bundle.

"Dorothy has already got through to Ashcroft," I lied to Vinney. "There'll be a plane in with a doctor before the sun sets.'

Vinney was staring up into the sky. "I'm going to make it anyway," he grunted. "I only did two things right. After my team ran away and I fell in front of the cutter bar I never let go the lines or my whip. I stopped the team and then used the whip for

I was looking at the whip tight in the flcsh above the knee. The leg was gone just below the knee. The whole other leg was lacerated and looked to

be beyond repair.
"How long since you loosened up the tourniquets?" I asked him.

"It's 15 minutes," spoke up Dowling, looking at his watch. "Time to loosen up again. He hasn't lost much blood —he was too fast with his whip."

#### A Jackknife Is a Scalpel

Stanley and I loosened up the bull hide whip; blood squirted in a long thin line. Quickly Stanley tightened the second tourniquet, the blood flow eased off, then back with the first tourniquet. "I'm going to clean this up a bit,"

I opened my jackknife, stuck it into the bottle of mercurochrome to sterilize it, then carefully slashed off dragging then carefully ss-covered flesh. "Go to it . . . I

Vinney gritted, "Go to it . . . I can't feel a thing . . . just empty space down there."

Stanley turned grey and stepped quickly behind a tree. My head started

to swim.

"Damn it," I said to myself,
"haven't I got any guts? Look at
this guy lying here—he's got more nerve and guts than I'll ever have."
"Bottle" I said.

Stanley was back; he quickly handed me the quart of mercurochrome.

"Here she comes, Vinney," I said.
I carefully poured the entire bottle over his one mangled leg and the stub of the other one.

I heard a thumping of hoofs across the meadow stubble. Andy Christen-son leaped off the foamed buckskin before she came to a stop. He had called at Behind Meadows cabin and gathered up an armful of blankets. He stepped into our circle. Sweat ran down the lens of his glasses. Vinney didn't look away from the sky.

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Andy came straight to the point.
"Vinney." he said, "we're going to
rig up a comfortable stretcher with these blankets and you'll be home before you know it."

Andy was already moving for several old fence rails close by. The boys followed him.

I reached for the sack of flour and poured it all over the lacerated flesh. This would help clot the blood in the many arteries and tiny veins that were exposed. Andy called over from his

"You've got to have two tourniquets on each leg. You know that do you?"
"Vinney and Stanley have already
done that," I answered.
The stretcher was made. Vinney

was moved carefully onto it. Clean pillowcases torn into wide strips now were wrapped about the wounds. We were ready to start on the long trek toward Christenson's.

Andy remounted his horse. He caught Stuyve by the hackamore shank. "I've got some errands and I'll bring back more help." He trotted off leading Stuyve behind him.

We picked up the stretcher, a man on each corner, and started forward. We made a mile, and then rested. "Roll me a smoke," said Vinney. "I don't smoke much, but I could use one now." one now.

Stanley produced a tailormade, lit it, and stuck it in Vinney's mouth. I looked at Stanley. He was dripping sweat; it ran down his face on his shirt

"I'm soft," he said. "Been down in Vancouver too long.'

He touched me on the arm, and I stepped off to the side with him. He whispered, "I don't think he can make it for long, his eyes are glassing up."
"I noticed that too," I whispered.

He's putting up a terrific fight." Hoofs rattled across the opening. "Jane Bryant," said Stanley. "Now

there's a fighting chance for him."

A tall, willowy, intent girl snapped off a lathered horse like a man; she carried a small battered suitcase in one hand. I could hear her gasping through

her teeth as she ran past us.
"It's Jane, Vinney," I heard her say. "I'm going to do everything I can for you. A plane is expected in by nightfall, but in the meantime you'll have to take doctor's orders—no breaking the rules like a bad boy."

#### For Arteries, a Pair of Pliers

I saw Vinney smile faintly. thought, This is the first time light has come to Vinney's face.
"First order is that you do absolutely

no talking. We're going to do all of

She spoke softly to Dowling, "Stan-

She had been taking Vinney's pulse.

Now she and Stanley loosened and tightened tourniquets. Then she gave Dowling the wink and they walked off Billy Dagg and pointed to Vinney. Billy and Mac stepped over to him and began to talk. I followed Jane and

"Boys," she said, "I guess you both know Vinney may not live until the plane arrives."

We nodded.

"The terrific pain of the cuts hasn't started yet, but he has lived through started yet, but he has lived through the shock of the amputation. In another hour the pain he will have to endure will be unbelievable. And there's no way we can ease it till a doctor arrives with morphine.

#### Early Unsettler

At the end of each wintry night, As a cog in our foresighted plan, There arrives with the dawn's surly light, The itinerant furnace man, A stoic and muscular feller Who sets the foundation quivering But whose racket down in the cellar Does little to temper our shivering.

It's depressingly clear that his goal-And he's never admitted defeat-Is a maximum outlay of coal And a minimum yield of heat, A fault we're too tactful to mention In case it might prompt him to spurn us And transfer his valued attention To somebody else's furnace.

-P. J. Blackwell.

I'll have to tie up the main cords and arteries immediately and I've only got a pair of wire pliers to hold them with, but I can't wait until later when the terrible pain hits him. I want you boys to line up behind each other, and en you feel sick, step back and let the next man take your place. I don't want any of you crashing down on top of Vinney. Don't study what I'm doing—just do what I say."

Silently we followed Jane back to

the stretcher.

"Vinney, I must do a little work on you now." I saw her look for a moment into Vinney's eyes and then swing her glance away from his to look into the blue of the sky.

She took a deep breath and strong lines came into her face; her jaw set in a straight line. She opened her suitcase.

Here, on this lonely meadow hundreds of miles from civilization and scientific aids, this young and only slightly experienced woman performed a most difficult surgical operation.

#### Too Tough for a Tot

She must have worked for nearly 40 minutes, using the crudest of instru-ments—razor blades, a jackknife, a set of small pliers, scissors, silk thread, two bottles of some kind of disinfectant, several rolls of gauze, and finally

Occasionally she talked to Vinney of music, of books, and of faraway laces. I marvelled at her quiet efficiency and great courage.

It was late in the evening when we lugged the stretcher into the Christenson house. Dorothy had turned a back room into a ward. Vinney's bed in the centre, a big oak table, trays, flowers, a chair and another bed across from it.

Andy had arrived with a bottle of rum during our long trek with the stretcher. But although Vinney was ordinarily as much of a drinking man as the rest of us, he steadfastly refused to take even a sip of the stuff. Through tightly clenched teeth, Vinney said:

No, I don't dare take even a small taste. I've got too big a fight ahead of me. I can't take a chance—it might

weaken my will."

Andy asked Jane what should be one. "The plane won't get here till tomorrow," he said. "The prolonged pain Vinney's enduring is enough of a shock in itself to kill him. could get even momentary relief with the aid of the rum it stands to reason it would be some help to his system. What do you think, Jane?"

Jane answered immediately, been thinking about that, Andy. Vin-ney's chances of living look so slim that he should not be deprived of any hunch or any clear thought or decision he has made. It will be a miracle if he doesn't get blood poisoning, or tetanus, or die

of the shock and the pain."

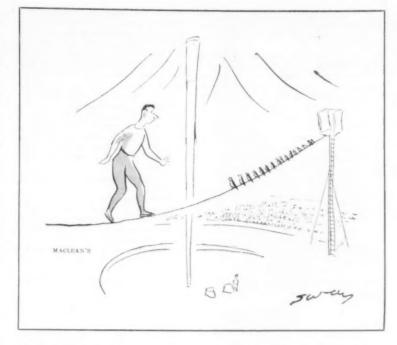
"Jane is right," Dorothy spoke up.

"Vinney is a straight thinker. He knows now that his only chance of living through the ordeal rests on his will, his faith in God, and his clear

Every few minutes now the jangle of two long rings and one short sounded in the house. A telephone-telegraph line stretched 320 miles from Williams Lake through Anahim to the fishing village of Bella Coola on the coast. Only a few phones were installed along its long course, but the Christensons had one of these.

Adolph Christenson, Andy's active and dynamic father, a well-known frontier character, had called up three times from Bella Coola which is 96 miles away on the other side of the mountains.

We were just finishing our supper



when the phone rang again. Geraldine Christenson lifted the receiver, listened moment, then turned and said. a moment, then turned and said, "Dad, it's Grandpa for you again. He says he's in a big hurry and for you to get to the phone quickly."

Andy hopped up. "Why yes,

Adolph, Vinney's still fighting. What did you say? Oh—you can't do that! You're off your ticker! That plane should be in here by 10 o'clock in the morning.

What's that? You can beat an airplane with saddle horses! Now listen Adolph, don't try one of your wild stunts at this stage of the game. For God's sake don't take the doctor out of Bella Coola before the plane gets there; he'll never make it horseback.'

#### "Saddle Horse He More Better"

Andy returned to the table and, illing back his chair, said, "Boys, pulling back his chair, said, "Boys we all might as well realize that we've now got another problem on our hands."

Billy cut in. "And that problem is

'Emergency Adolph Christenson.
"Correct," replied Andy. "A "Adolph and his brilliant ideas will be a threat right up to the time the plane gets in here. He's prancing around Bella Coola like a caged-in wild horse; says there's only one thing that counts and that's action. Lord knows what he'll think up next!"

think up next!"
Vinney was still fighting desperately
for life when an orange-red sun rose.
"It's an absolute miracle," Jane said
to me. "God grant him the few more

hours needed until the plane lands on Anahim Lake.

Billy Dagg was Andy's ranch fore man. He and the new hired man, blond Dick Higgenson, left early to keep the hay crew clicking. Stanley, Thomas Squinas and I rode three miles over to the shore of Anahim Lake to build huge bonfires to act as beacons for the plane—it would be the second plane ever to wing into the country. led extra horses for the doctor and the

While we trotted toward the lake, Thomas told us about the accident.

'We both drive mowing machines said Thomas. "I come behind in that little neck. My team he run away "I come behind in that . . I try to throw machine out of gear . . . I slip . . . I fall. I won't let go my lines . . . he drag me fast like the wind . . . my mower knife he gonna cut Vinney in two. Vinney jump fast, but he slip and fall in front of his knife."

We cut and snaked in roots and trees,

lit the fires, and staked our horse good feed. Soon the smokes puffed skyward.

The day dragged slowly on. Ten Our eyes o'clock passed-no plane. were held like magnets to the western sky. At 2 o'clock there was still no At 5 o'clock Stanley said, "In two more hours it will be too dark for a plane to fly in and land blind in a strange country."

Thomas grunted and cleared his throat. "I think about it," he said, "that white man's bird he can't make Saddle horse he more better; that cayuse he can get there."

A horse whinnied from the trail to

Christenson's. Hoofs thudded across the ground. Andy rode to the fire. His face was drawn and his eyes were bleak.

We all called at once, "How's Vinney?'

Andy got dejectedly down from his Andy got defectedly down from his buckskin. He shook his head. "Vinney still lives. Why, I don't know." "The plane," said Stanley. "Where the hell's that plane?"

"The plane landed in Bella Coola at 12 o'clock," Andy answered. "The pilot had to pick up the doctor and he flew around for an hour before he could land. The water was very could land. The water was very choppy. Now he can't take off, waves are pounding on the dock. They say it's absolutely impossible to get off the water tonight and weather reports are not favorable for tomorrow.

"Jane says she's afraid Vinney will go by sun-up tomorrow without morphine. Come on men, there's no use waiting here now.

Thomas grunted loudly, "I think This country too

about it long time. This country too tough for any white-man machine. More better somebody he shoot 'em that bird now, then he can't fool nobody again."

We rode silently back to Christenson.

As we arrived, Billy Dagg, Mac and Dick were getting down off their horses Thomas, usually stoical and self-con tained, had worked himself into a mad rage during our ride home and now I heard was, "We go to Bella Coola . . . saddle horse . . . 96 mile there and 96 mile back . . . bring 'em back

When they came into the house Andy snapped into action. "How

many shod horses have you got in,

The Christenson foreman thought a moment. "I've got shoes on string 1, all but Betsy. There's 22 head in that bunch.'

"Good," said Andy. "The plane deal hasn't worked. Now we're going to back Adolph to the limit.

"I want you, Billy, with Mac and Dick, to pick out six of the fastest shod horses from string 1. Drive the bunch west, dropping off and picketing two horses on the meadow this side of Pelican Lake, two on top of Precipice; Mac, you stay with the horses at Precipice and be ready to relieve Adolph and the doctor there. Billy, you and Dick lead the other two loose horses down the precipice and keep going till you meet Adolph.

"In the meantime you fellows will need two changes of horses yourselves. So that means you'll be starting off with six loose horses for the rescue party and six for yourselves. Twelve of the fastest shod horses, Billy."
"Okay," said Billy, "twelve loose

horses—six for the party, two staked at Pelican and two at Precipice. We keep going until we meet them. If we don't meet 'em you can count on us being in Bella Coola soon after sun-up.

Mac, Billy and Dick shoved out through the door.

Andy moved like a cat to the phone. made several rings and snatched off the receiver. Someone answered.
Andy snapped, "Get Adolph on the

phone at once, this is Andy Christenson.

short pause, then a thin voice "Adolph and the doctor are outside trying to start up Adolph's car

Andy snapped back, "Tell Adolph want to speak to him at once."

Another pause over the line, then the voice came back, "Adolph wouldn't listen to me. He said there was too much talk and not enough action. He and the doctor drove away.

Andy set the receiver down. "Well, Adolph is off," he said. "He and the doc got away in that old Model A of his. The tires are shot and if it runs 10 miles they're lucky. I guess he's planning to leave the wreck and pick up horses somewhere along the road."
"Andy," Dorothy said, "those boys
should have a hot meal before they

start. It won't take me 20 minutes to get it ready.

"No, my dear," said Andy. "Those boys won't take time out for that— every minute counts from here on in."

#### The Bolt to the Coast

The riders ran single file through the door, their tanned faces set with the tension of the night ride ahead of them. Dorothy and Geraldine shoved large cups of coffee into their hands.

The men paused. Their eyes glinted.
They drank slowly.

Billy looked at Andy. "We've got the cayuses in the corral. I put halters on all of 'em. Won't lose no time anyplace, eathling and other anyplace catching and staking 'em

The boys started for the door. Billy turned halfway around. His dark eyes twinkled. "Twenty-five dollars says that the horses beat the plane." "Taken," said Andy. "Go to it boys.

Good luck, and good riding."

Andy stared for a moment at the

closed door. He took a deep breath and turned around to us.

"I'd like to see a moving picture of this night's ride. It will be terrific the fastest ever made across to the coast, the whole distance in the pitch dark. Billy will crowd those loose horses through the jungle and the windfall just as fast as they can run.



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ON DOMINION SQUARE J. ALDERIC RAYMOND, PRESIDENT

"Those boys are going to take some awful chances, but it was the only thing we could do, the only hope now for Vinney.

"I still want to get hold of Adolph and tell him about the relay horses Andy stepped briskly to the phone and rang for the Hagensborg trading post. He asked the trader to flag Adolph when he came through.

The phone rang. "Hello," Andy answered. "Hello there. What's that?

After several minutes, "Well, can you beat that!" Andy said. "Thanks."

He replaced the receiver and turned. "Picture this," he said. "Adolph and his passenger just chugged past the Hagensborg store. The trader tried to flag them, but Adolph was looking straight ahead and paid no attention to the man—nearly ran him down. He said the tires were flat and the car was running on the rims, and the motor was

The trader said he could still hear the old car banging and crashing up the

#### A Faint Flicker Remains

Dorothy and Jane hadn't slept for more than 40 hours. Now Andy insisted they get some sleep. We took turns reading to Vinney, who lay motionless, his dull eyes partially open, his face a long grey shadow.

Looking down at him I noticed his yes were closed. I had a spooky eeling. I looked at my watch. It was 3 o'clock. Someplace beyond the walls of the room I heard the faint tinkle of an alarm clock. A few moments later Jane moved quietly into the room, her slacks making a rustling sound as they brushed against Vinney's bed.

Jane looked down at Vinney. She held his pulse for a long time, then with her fingers pushed back his eye-Her face was white. She picked up Vinney's wrist again and stared at the black curtain of night in the window. Finally she laid his hand gently under the covers. We walked quietly out of the room.

The tall nurse turned and looked for a moment at Vinney's sister.
"Dorothy," she said, "there is still

a faint flicker of life, but he hangs by only a thread. I don't think he can hold out much after daylight without relief from the pain."
Stanley and I saddled up, shivering,

and rode abreast through the dark toward Anahim Lake to start the beacon fires going.

Water along the lakeshore glowed

brown and muddy, a vague wind rustled the tall marsh grass, and from somewhere out in the weeds came the weird bubbling gurgle of a northern bittern.

Stanley and I worked in silence. The big fires finally cracked and blazed up in the dark. We sat down and waited. I held my watch up to the firelight. The hands pointed to 5 o'clock. A fresh light out of the sky was beginning to light the dull watery land around us.
Stanley looked toward the west.

"There's a pile of horses that's running like crazy across that country over

"Yes," I said. "There's some great runs and some great rides being made

We lapsed into silence again.

Shadows and strange shapes were fading into the realistic light of day. Far out across the lake floated the

mournful call of a loon.

My mind traveled down the long trail to Bella Coola 96 miles away, to the precipice chasm, to the towering mass of broken rock across the cliffs

I could see a relentless old man and

a tired younger one urging sweatstreaked ponies on and on through the night and the silence: I could see many horses, dark masses of them, thundering west across the land Darkness flashing by, snags and sticks and fallen tree limbs lashing out of the night at the tense faces and the moosehide-covered bodies of hard-riding men.

And with these thoughts I felt always And with these thoughts I telt always the constant pounding of horses' hoofs. I thought to myself, "The undertone of a new frontier—the music of horses' hoofs cracking across the silent lands."

I looked unconsciously at my watch 6 o'clock.

Stanley sat suddenly erect. "Do you hear anything?"

"I can't get the thudding of horses' hoofs out of my head," I told him. "It kind of keeps on humming in my ears

Stanley sprawled flat on his side, his ear to the ground.

"Put your head to the ground," he said excitedly. "I'm sure I can feel a

vibration. I fell flat beside Stanley. I listened,

then jumped up. There's no question about it," I I. "Horses coming in fast from the west

We got to our feet and stared across the wide meadow along the Bella Coola

Out of the jack pines a quarter of a mile to the west of us a horse shot into view, and then another one. "Good God!" said Stanley. "It's un-

believable! Someone's broken through

We strained our eyes across the flats. The horses were running stiff-legged, reaching out low to the ground. The lead rider, his hand waving in a wide arc, was swinging a whip down on one side of his horse and then on the other. leaned low over the horn of the saddle.

The horses came racing across the flats; their loud hollow breathing sounded above the thud of hoofs. Stanley let out a whoop. "I can't

believe it—it's Adolph!"

We cheered and jumped up and

"Change of horses here," I called at Adolph's dust-covered sweat-streaked face as his horse came pounding in close with the doctor's satchel tied over the horn of the saddle.

Adolph's glinting eyes didn't leave

the trail ahead.

Like a harsh breath of wind, man and horse swept by us. Behind thudded the other horse, and on his back with both hands gripping the horn of his saddle, his eyes glazed, his tense mouth gasping for air, swaved the white-faced, dirt-covered doctor.

We kept on cheering and yelling as the riders pounded out of sight. Then we sprang for our horses.

#### "You've Cut the Mustard, Kid"

We raced toward the ranch. Fifty yards ahead of us I saw Andy Christenson run from the house to the doctor's horse, saw the doctor sway uncertainly in his saddle and then fall heavily to the ground.

Now Adolph staggered from his horse toward the house, carrying the precious satchel. The doctor regained his feet with Andy's help and took the from Adolph, then shoved unsteadily through the door.

I watched his thin, mud-spattered

figure sway behind Jane and Dorothy

into Vinney's room.

For the following 10 minutes the doctor and Jane worked over Vinney like a well-trained team. Then the doctor walked out of the room and fainted.

Later, when he revived, he told Andy Christenson that there were four rea-

sons why Vinney had lived through the ordeal: the accident taking place on clean, uncultivated land saved him from tetanus and blood poisoning; Vinney's quick thinking in using his whip for a tourniquet before he lost much blood; Jane's skill in cleaning and Vinney's will to live.

Now Adolph walked into Vinney's

room. I heard him say. "Good going, Vinney—you've cut the mustard, kid!" He returned to the living room where

he let out a war whoop.
"Who says a plane can beat a horse in this country! Give me a string of quarter horses, a quart of overproof rum, and I'll beat any relay of planes

in the country!"

Down onto the sofa went Adolph with a thud. He, too, was out like a light.

And thus ended one of the fastest and most remarkable rescue rides ever in the north country. lievable night rides made by three cowhands driving loose horses ahead of them down narrow jungle trails, a man in his late 60's, and a young doctor unused to the saddle. Rides doctor unused to the saddle. that not only beat the traditional mercy plane, but cracked into objective in time to save the life of Vinney Clayton.

Adolph told me a few of the facts. He and the doctor made the first 20 of the 96-mile journey in the flattired, broken down Model A. it collapsed completely they dogtrotted to the nearest farm where they borrowed two work horses and battered saddles.

Despite the fact that the next 20 miles through inky-black night were covered on these clumsy animals, these miles were fast ones in accordance with the accepted standards of riding. But the terrific ground-eating speed made by the doctor and Adolph began when Billy Dagg met them below Precipice with the first of the relay

#### Squinas Had Something to Say

At this point the doctor was tired out, blistered, and saddle sore. He told me that when Billy met them he couldn't see how he could possibly hold out for even one of the 50-odd miles still confronting him. A five-minute rest and a cup of hot coffee laced with rum revived him.

From here on in Adolph, followed the doctor, made incredible time. The three sets of relay horses were in turn held down to a fast trot, and then pounded into a full gallop. As Adolph switched saddles at the relay points, the doctor mixed the coffee and the rum.

The plane settled on Anahim Lake early in the afternoon and the next day carried Vinney and the doctor straight to Vancouver.

As the plane rose into the sky above Anahim and purred over the distant mountains to the south, Thomas Squinas turned to the bunch of us, grunted loudly, and said:

"I think about it. White man he's some kind of man-I don't know what kind!"

Not long ago when I was down in ictoria I saw Vinney Clayton again. Walking toward me on the wide avenue in front of the Empress Hotel—tall, straight as an arrow, immaculate in a double-breasted blue suit, his limp was barely noticeable.

His clear eyes twinkled when he told me about his fancy new leg.

"It's as good as my old one," he laughed, "and sometimes better. It does not hurt when I bump my shin."

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Mac

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#### Two in Love

Continued from page 15

social work-even politics. A blank

It sounded like a crowded life. She couldn't have been much over twenty. I said, "Listen. Have you ever sung with the Metropolitan?"

Julie sat up straighter. A look came to her eyes. "No," she admitted. into her eves. But I used to sing in the choir at

home. Do you suppose . . ."
I stopped that, quick. "Frankly, no.
They tell me it takes something special."

She looked disappointed, but nodded. 'Yes. I guess it would only be another wall." All of a sudden her fist banged on the table. The glasses jumped. "It on the table. The glasses jumped. "It isn't fair!" she cried. "Just because I'm a woman!"

I looked into my glass. I didn't say anything. After a minute she said: "I'm sorry." Her voice was softer. She was smiling a little, watching me, and she'd taken the chip off her shoulder. She looked friendly. "Tell me about your work. What do you do?"

"Advertising."

"Advertising," she said. "It sounds

fascinating.

"Well, it's a job." I watched her for a minute and I didn't think it would do any good but I tried it anyway. "Bennet," I said, "take a piece of "Bennet," I said, "take a piece of advice. Forget about expressing yourself. A job's a job. Grab one and stick with it. Or grab a man and get married."

The friendly look went away. "It's easy for you to talk. You're a man. You don't realize what it's like, for

"Yeah," I said. "I realize, all right. They're frustrated." I slid out of the booth and held out my hand. "Come on, let's take a ride through the park."

WE RODE and looked at the moon, and after a while I took her home. She turned at the door of her apart-

ment and smiled.
"Good night," she said. "It was fun, wasn't it?" She was standing close to me, looking up, her lips parted a little and there was only one thing I could

I did it.

For a minute she held still. Then she kissed back. Then she pulled away from me, and the smile was gone.
"Men!" she said. It sounded bitter.

"What's the matter now?"

"You're all alike. Kiss, kiss, kiss!" What was I supposed to do, talk about the Woman Question? "Maybe you've got some suggestions?"

Her eyes were still bright, but not soft. They were making sparks. She said, "You could shake hands. You could forget I'm a woman."

I could forget my name, too, but it would be a terrible effort. I stuck out my hand. "Yeah," I said. "Well, good night, Bennet. It was nice knowing you.

ANYBODY with an I.Q. of over 50 would have left it there. But I kept thinking about her, the next few

days, and wondering.

After three days of that I had a thought. I picked up the phone to invite her to dinner.

I took a deep breath and swung into it. "Listen, Bennet. I've been thinking about this Woman Question, and I think you've got an idea there. I'd like to talk to you about it."

She said "Oh," then: "Why, I'd

She looked very smooth in a blue dress with her hair shining above it. I still couldn't see why she had to worry about the Woman Question. We went

to a joint I knew, with little lamps on the tables and shadows all around and a guy in short pants who drifted around playing a violin. When we got down to coffee and cigarettes I leaned forward and looked into her eyes.

I said, "Tell me, Bennet, how are

you getting along on the paper?"

Her eyes got dark. "Don't talk to me about the paper! I'm quitting!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I wanted to cover this murder trial that's come up. And do you know what that bald-headed old demon said?"

I could have made a close guess. "No,

"He laughed at me! He said maybe

in a year or two I might make a reporter!" Maybe I ought to send him a box of cigars. I said "H'm." I looked at Julie and rubbed my chin. I made my eyes narrow. "Bennet," I said, "I've got an

"You've done some fashion drawing. You've had newspaper experience. It's all good background." I looked at her, hard. "How'd you like to come over to our place?

Her face began to glow

I said, "Of course you'll have to start as a copy writer. But there's plenty of room to move up. How about it?"

Her eyes shone. "It sounds wonder-

'Fine. That's settled, then. Come in and see me tomorrow." I leaned back in my chair and smiled at her. I felt pretty good. She smiled back. Then

her eyes got far away and dreamy.
"I can't wait to tell Elwood," she

I stopped feeling good.

"He'll be so happy," she said. I hadn't figured on any Elwood. Not after the way she'd talked. I said, "Who's Elwood?"

"We work together," she explained, "on the Committee

Something else I hadn't heard about. I chewed on my lip. mittee?" "What com-

"Why, the Committee for the Advancement of Woman in the Modern World. Elwood's very active in it."

A Joe with a social conscience and wavy hair and a bunch of frustrated

"He's really very sympathetic," Julie said. "You must meet him."

I'd done without for nearly thirty years. Why make a change now? Probably he spent hours every day on his hair-do. And smoked scented cigarettes.

"And wears socks with holes in them." I said.

Julie blinked. "I—beg your pardon?"
"Nothing. Nothing at all." I got up.
"Let's blow," I said.

T WAS still early; there weren't any cabs, and she lived close; so I walked her home. We didn't say anything. The air was clear and warm and the moon was just fading away from the full. I could smell Julie's perfume.

At her door she looked up and smiled. "I'm awfully grateful to you," she said.
"Yeah," I said. She was standing

close to me, looking up, and she was moonlight and honeysuckle and mockingbirds. My breath went into a quick amba. But I still remembered the last time.

I shook hands with her. I said, "Good night." Then I walked away. I could feel her looking after me, but I didn't look back.

Getting her in was easy. The Old Man had a hot outfit, we were expanding all the time. The trouble I had was keeping her there. All through that fall and winter, regularly, twice a month, I had to talk her out of quitting.

She kept getting frustrated.



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Prize Manager, MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE Dept. MM-SP250, 481 University Avenue, TORONTO 2, Ont.

The funny thing about her, she was bod. She had the old socko. She started as a copy writer but before long she moved up into an executive spot,

handling some of the smaller accounts.
By spring, though, she'd kind of
settled down. There was a whole
month, March, when she didn't say a
word about quitting. And meanwhile I kept seeing her a couple or three evenings a week.

We went dancing. We went to lows. We had dinners at homey restaurants, steak suppers in her apartment, long rides in the country It was a pretty good on Sundays. winter.

Of course it was still strictly business, still Bennet and Holcomb. But we were together a lot and every time I looked her something happened in my

THEN it was April. Grey skies all day and a black night. Rain spattering against the window of her apartment. She sat there curled up in a big chair and she had that look in her

eye. I wondered what it was this time.
"Holcomb," she said, "it's no use.
I'm going to quit."

I m going to quit.

I looked sympathetic, the way I always did, "What's wrong now?"

She didn't look at me, "For a while I thought it was going to be different. But it's the same old blank wall." She stared at the floor, twisting a hand-kerchief in her hands. "I feel so-so..."
"Frustrated," I said. "Yeah. Sup-

Rain made little ticking sounds on the window pane. She pulled at the handkerchief.

"It's just no good. I'm going to quit and give my full time to the Committee. Elwood needs somebody to help him.

My face got stiff. It was the first time she'd mentioned Elwood in a

couple of months.

"Bennet," I said, "don't be a fool. What more do you want? You've got a nice apartment, a good job, everything. You just had a raise last week. What's

She looked at me. Her eyes were big and dark and unhappy. "It's—you," she said. It came out soft, a whisper. "I don't know how to say it. But—

you're going to Montreal."

I blinked. I swallowed a couple of times. I shought about it. I knew the Old Man was planning to open a Montreal branch, but it was a tossup whether I could do more good there or

'Where'd you hear that?" I asked.

"It's all over the office.

I looked at her. I was thinking fast, and the more I thought the better it sounded. We'd been friendly enough all winter, we'd had a lot of fun together, but she hadn't shown any signs of wanting to darn my socks. Now it looked like I was getting somewhere.

But I played it cagey.
"Suppose I do go," I said. "Why
should it bother you."

I held my breath, waiting. Julie pulled the handkerchief. Then she raised her eyes to mine. "Because," she said. "I want to go."

I started toward her. I opened my mouth to yell. Then she started talking again and I stopped and closed my

She said, "I should have known better than to expect anything. A mere woman. But I've been doing good work. I deserve the chance. I

She stopped. She was looking at me and she must have seen something in my face. I felt like the wrong end of a rabbit punch. Julie got up and came toward me and put her hand on my

"Holcomb," she said, and her voice as earnest. "Don't feel so bad about was earnest. "Don't feel so bad about it. I'm not blaming you. It isn't your fault. There's nobody else I'd rather

She stopped again. I ran a finger around inside my collar. There was nobody else she'd rather see in Montreal. I hadn't been doing so well after

I did some thinking. Me in Mont-Julie working on her Committee with Elwood. Maybe she didn't in-tend to fall for the guy, but I knew her better than she did. In spite of the better than she did. In spite of the man-to-man stuff, Julie was all woman. And some day she'd wake up and realize it.

When she did, who'd be the first one she saw? Elwood.

And where would I be? Montreal I said, "Wait. Listen, Bennet! Don't do anything rash." My mind was coming out of storage. "Promise me one thing. Wait till it's definite, will

She said, "Well-"

"You've got a good job. The Old Man likes you. You've got a fine career ahead of you. Don't kick it away until

I walked home slowly in drizzling rain. Montreal, Julie. Elwood. Rain hit my face like little needles. It smelled like spring.

Rain. Montreal. Julie. There was only one answer. She had been doing good work. She deserved the chance.

I decided that, strictly for the best

interests of the firm, I had to stay put.

T WAS Sunday night. We'd spent the afternoon drifting here, drifting there, making all our old spots. Now we were sitting in our favorite restaurant. The same little tables, the same shaded lamps, the same fiddler in shorts. I called him over and bought Liebestraum for a buck.

Julie said, "I can hardly believe it. It ems so sort of unreal."

It was her last day, her bags were checked at the station; she had the tickets in her purse. Short of getting mail with a Montreal address I didn't see how it could be any more real.

I was feeling pretty good. For a while there it had been close, but I'd done it. With Julie safe in Montreal, Elwood and the Committee would just have to struggle along. I was a brilliant guy. I'd found an answer to the Woman Question.

But it wasn't all good, I looked across the table at Julie, dressed for traveling, and my throat kept getting tighter and the fiddle moaned, with tears and heartbreak. Liebestraum had been a bad buy.

Julie said, "I'm—going to miss you, Holcomb."

"Uh," I said. I kept reminding my-self that there'd be a lot of space between her and Elwood.

The trouble was, there'd be a lot of space between her and me, too. I said, "Don't forget to send in your

reports — in triplicate."

She nodded. I looked at my watch. It was almost time. "And if you have any trouble, call me."

She nodded again, twisting her glass around and around.

I said, "There's nothing to be ner-

vous about. You can handle it, Bennet You've got what it takes." She didn't answer. Her eyes looked around the room. Then, suddenly, she brightened up a little. She lifted a hand

and waved at somebody behind me. "Elwood!" she cried. "Oh, Elwood!"

That was all we needed. Elwood. I turned slow and looked. I blinked and looked again. All I could do was gulp. He was a

scrawny little character with a thin neck and a shiny bald head. He had a red bow tie. He had something else,

red bow tie. He had something else, too. He turned to bring her into it.
"My dear," he said, "this is Mr. Holcomb—Mrs. Elwood."

It rated another gulp. She was kind of round and kind of grey, with friendly blue eyes. She had a paper bag under one arm. She smiled at me and under one arm. She smiled at me and turned to Julie.

"We're so glad for you, dear," she said. "Aren't we, Charles?"
"Yes, my dear."
"Think of one of our own girls getting a chance like this!" Mrs. Elwood said. "Such an inspiration for the

Movement. Isn't it, Charles?"

He said, "Yes, indeed." He blinked a few times and thought of a word for himself. "Marvelous," he said. He blinked

I just stood there and watched the bottom fall out. This was what I drew for being a wise guy. I was brilliant, all right. I thought of all the trouble I'd gone to to get Julie away from Elwood and I stood there with knots in my

tongue.
"You must write," Mrs. Elwood said, "and tell us how you get along." She set the bag on the table, pulled out a couple of socks and a needle and started darning. She smiled at Julie and me. It was a nice smile.

"I'm sure you'll excuse me," she said. "I have so little time. And Charles is so hard on socks." She and Elwood looked at each other

and there was something in their eyes. I began to like them. Socks or no socks, there was nothing frustrated about woman.

All of a sudden I had to get out of here. I shoved back my chair. 'Bennet," I said, "I hate to break it up, but you've got a train to catch."

We shook hands all around and I got

her out and into a cab. There w full moon for anybody who wanted to look at it.

We got to the station, got her bags and walked slowly along the platform

her car. She held out her hand. 'Well," she said. "Good-by, "Good-by, Hol-

SOMEBODY was yelling "Boooard!" Julie put a foot in the car and turned back, looking at me. I shoved

my hands into my pockets and tried

Her face looked funny. She stepped back to the platform and started to-

'What's the matter?" I said. "Forget

something? something?"
She shook her head. Her eyes were wide with shadows. She said, "I." She said, "Holcomp." Then she said very fast, "I've changed my mind. I'm not

going." Somebody yelled "Board!" again.

"What are you talking about?" I said. "This is your big chance. Of course you want to go."

She shook her head again. I said, "You've got to go. It's your

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Her head kept going from side to side. "I don't want the old job anyway," she said. "I'll quit. I'm not going." I'd had all I could take for one night.

I stared at her and I was mad. I let it go. I said, "Women!" I said, "Frusrated! No wonder you're frustrated! Why don't you try making up your

Her eyes were big and dark and a

Her eyes were big and dark and a tear was starting out of the left one. Now she was going to cry. Well, let her cry. All it made me was madder.

"You're going," I said, "if I have to pick you up and throw you onto this train. I talked myself blue to sell the Old Man on you and Montreal. If you think I'm going to let you back out

Her mouth had dropped open. She stared at me. Then she came to life. 'You!" she said. "You did it?"

"Who else?"

The lips quivered. The tears spilled, She said "But—but why? Why are you so anxious to get ruh-rid of me?

I was mad enough to tell her. Where had strategy ever got me, anyway? "Why do you think? Why have I been chasing around after you all winter? Why did I get you the job in the first

I glared at her and told her. "Because I love you, that's wny. Because I want to marry you. And I'm the hardest guy on socks you'll ever meet, so go on to Montreal. Go start a Committee.'

Her eyes were wide, her mouth was open, the tears were gone. "But you never said anything!"

Somebody yelled "Board!" and meant it. The train began to move, slowly. I grabbed her and put her in

the car and the porter caught her arm.
"After that first night?" I said. "I should stick my neck out?"

STARTED to walk, keeping pace with the train. Julie was crying again. She said, "I don't care about the socks. Oh, darling, I know now why I kept running from one job to another. I know why I felt frustrated. I know

what I was looking for."
It was a fine time to find out. started to trot to keep up. She leaned out and kissed me, quick, and the porter grabbed her and pulled her back. There was a lot of noise.

I ran a little faster. "Listen," I yelled. "You mean you want to marry "Listen," I

She nodded, crying.

I yelled, "I'll fly to Montreal next week end For the wedding."

She leaned far out, nodding and waving and the tears running down her

An arm in a white coat reached out and pulled her back. I stood there watching a couple of red lights going away from me.

Julie was gone

Even though I knew I'd be flying to Montreal next week, there was only one word to fit how I felt.

I felt frustrated. \*

**NEXT ISSUE** 

#### THE MYTH OF VICTORIA, B.C.

By Bruce Hutchison

Says Hutchison, who ought to know: "More nonsense and gush have been written about Victoria than any spot on the map . . . The little-bit-of-England legend was a cold-blooded commercial invention of the advertising blurbsters and the tourist hucksters . . . We are about as quaint as Bay Street."

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ON SALE FEB. 10

#### Was Kurt Mever Guilty?

Continued from page 9

acts of the Meyer case are these:

As Standartenführer of the 25th Panzer Grenadier Regiment of the 2th SS Division Meyer commanded German soldiers who, during the first bloody days of the Allied landings in Normandy, shot to death or clubbed to death at least 41 unarmed Canadian prisoners of war.

He is the only enemy soldier who has been tried under the War Crimes Regulations (Canada), an order-in-council enactment of August, 1945, sought to lay down standards by which enemy war criminals could be judged for their actions between 1939 and 1945 and to set precedents which it was hoped might deter their possible imitators in possible wars of the future. Working in collaboration with the United Nations War Crimes Commission, virtually all the Allied nations had adopted similar regulations oon after the end of the war in Europe Meyer's trial in December, 1945, which was held before a court of one majorgeneral and four brigadiers at Aurich. Germany, was the first trial of a German fighting soldier or field commander under any of these enactments-Canadian or otherwise—and therefore it was deemed to be of a significance far beyond the fate of any one man, the proceedings of any one court, or the laws of any one nation.

He faced six separate charges. One "inciting and counseling troops under his command to deny quarter to Allied troops," one of directly ordering troops under his command to shoot seven Canadian prisoners of war, and four others of being "responsible" for, although not ordering, four separate mass killings of defenseless P.O.W.'s. One of the charges of "responsibility"

was dropped by the prosecution. On another charge of "responsibility," this one involving 23 of the 41 proven victims, he was acquitted. He was also acquitted of the charge of giving a specific order for the execution of specific prisoners. On the other two charges of "responsibility," which applied to the shootings of 18 members of the Third Canadian Division in two separate incidents, he was found guilty. He was also found guilty of the charge of having incited and counseled his troops to deny quarter.

These are the minimum facts. What is the big and ultimate fact? What is the one fact that will matter above all the others long after Kurt Meyer SS man, proud graduate of the Adolf Hitler Lifeguard, eager warrior, nerve less, desperate prototype of much that was bad and what little there was of good in German fascism—has gone to his final rendezvous with his tortured Nazi gods?

#### The Precious Principles

Was Kurt Mever guilty?

Was he proven guilty according to procedures and according to a body of aw that will serve as a practical, workable guide for future generations of Canadians without challenging their heritage of Anglo-Saxon justice?

Did he receive a fair trial? Was he tried under impartial rules? Were hese rules-impartial or not in themelves-administered impartially by he court that tried him?

As a reporter who covered the Meyer trial I say "no."

I came back to Canada saying "no" to all these questions, and to anybody who would listen—and perhaps it wasn't strange that, in the country's mood of four years ago, with memories like open wounds and its

dead not yet all counted, there weren't many who cared to listen.

I have just been to Ottawa re-examining the records of the trial and I still "no.

Beneath its gathering dust the record still seems to say what it seemed to be saying four years ago in the alternately hushed and tumultuous little courtroom in northern Germany. Among other things it seems to say:

That, under the mantle of Canadian law, Meyer was tried according to rules which contradict some of the first most precious principles of Canadian

That although these rules paid lip ervice to the fundamental doctrine that the accused is innocent until he is proved guilty they included a reversible clause which, once it was proved that crimes had been committed (not neces sarily by him or by his orders or with his knowledge or consent), made him guilty until he proved himself innocent.

That on such questions as the admissibility of evidence the court was authorized to, and sometimes did, make up its rules as it went along, without real restrictions of any kind and frequently to the disadvantage of the accused.

That the chief witness against Meyer, a witness without whose testimony the case for the prosecution would have been weakened to the verge of debility, finished his first statement against Meyer with a threat of death hanging over his head. That this witness had been interrogated outside the courtroom at least eight different times and that, under the elastic rules of procedure, the opposing counsels were permitted to read excerpts from each of his eight depositions and to put him on the stand, in person, twice. That, in spite of many months of preparation and rehearsal, he frequently contradicted himself on both minor and major points of evidence. That in its most damaging essentials his evidence was supported by no other witness and at least partially contradicted by half a

#### A Voice Across the Abyss

If anyone were to ask, "Did Meyer get his deserts?" the record's answer might be "yes," if only because of what it told, out of Meyer's own mouth, of his place in and his apparently un-shaken faith in the violent, demagogic world of Adolf Hitler.

If anyone were to ask, "Did Meyer get full justice?" I believe the record's

answer could not be "yes."

In the little paneled courtroom the picture of Kurt Meyer emerged in sombre, evocative flashbacks, like a documentary film narrating the history of German fascism from its rise to its The dead legions marched ruin. again, the supermen strode across the face of Europe with undiminished glory, and an old comrade alternately exhorted and applauded them in voice that was sometimes strident with pride occasionally close to tears for the memory of what might have been.

Kurt Meyer, unsuccessful salesman 16 unemployed coal miner at 18. obscure harness cop at 24, had hitched his wagon to the star of national socialism in 1934. When he was accepted as a 25-year-old volunteer in the Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler, the Führer's personal guard regiment, he was carrying party card No. 316,714 SS membership No. 17,559

When the Wehrmacht struck at last Meyer struck with the spearheads. His rise was swift and unquestionably well There had been a special deserved. name for this new, exciting kind of war-blitz (lightning). There had been a special name for the young SS commander who rode with the reconnaissance columns-Schnell (speedy). The place names along the route were still with nostalgia for Speedy heavy Meyer

After commands in Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Greece and Russia, Meyer switched to tanks in Normandy and became Panzer Meyer. He received his second wound and his 11th decoration.

To the court he talked well and willingly of his battles. Like a lonely voice calling across a vast and bridgeless abyss, he called again and again to the vanished *kameraden*, pleading for the betrayed doctrines of blood and

Once he sat forward intensely and repeated part of a speech he had once made to the young fanatics of the

Hitler Jugend's military arm:
"We are here in Normandy, and we here in our fists have the weapons of the German people . . . If the of the German people . . . If the Allied forces take a stand for the invasion, the reprisals or revenge will not be achieved through V-weapons, but revenge will be achieved through our personal action, through our blood, through our spirit of attack and through the annihilation of the enemy

#### Discipline In the Family

And from another speech: "After the end of each war, every prisoner should be in a position to prove that he fell into captivity guiltlessly—I myself have sworn myself, my family and my wife, that I myself would not willingly go into imprisonment. The last bullet belongs to you."

The trial produced no more dramatic scene than the moment, taut, moving and somehow terrifying, when Meyer abruptly dismissed the surroundings from his mind and spoke directly small wife. With one of their five small bad come to children Frau Meyer had come to Aurich to be near her husband, and on most days she sat alone toward the rear of the courtroom, a pallid, mouse-like woman surrounded by an infinity

She had been allowed to see Meyer briefly in his cell, but always with a guard in close attendance and under instructions that Meyer was not to be allowed to say anything which might have suggested how he wished his children brought up, ideologically.

One day the prisoner expressed a willingness to explain the principles which he had applied in the training of his regiment.

As he began, his blue eyes v alternately hard and caressing as they sought and held the eyes of the woman in the 10th row. He spoke now proudly and demandingly, now gently and persuasively, and the tortured, hopeless face of the woman became radiant and

"The discipline of my young soldiers he said, "and was based on was good, the foundation of the family. Because of their youth, the leadership had to find a new way in the education of thes men. Between officers and men, apart from the ordinary officer relationship, there was a brotherly relationship established. Parents were far-reachingly included into the education. For the troops, there was given a prohibition of smoking and of alcohol. Every relationship with women was pro-hibited for soldiers up to the age of 18."

Meyer paused. He resumed more oftly. "In social respects, the ideal of motherhood was held high to my men in the motto: The mother fights, in the motto: lives, sacrifices and dies for the children' . . . In religious respects, my men had freedom. I called to them: 'God cannot be proved, but He is to be



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believed. Man only becomes man when, through his conscience, he feels himself responsible to his God. A soldier who does not believe in God cannot fight' . . . For their fighting motto, my soldiers were given the idealistic point of view of soldierhood, in brief, 'I am nothing, we are everything.

So much for the prisoner. What of

the proceedings?

Meyer was prosecuted by Lieut.-Col Bruce Macdonald, of Windsor, and defended by Lieut.-Col. M. W. Andrew of Stratford, Ont., both lawyers in civilian life. Like the court president, Major-General Harry Foster, and the four other red-tabbed judges, both Macdonald and Andrew had served with distinction in combat units of the Canadian Army. Each man pressed his case with skill and vigor. Each man, like the officers of the court, was under an essential handicap; he was working with laws foreign to his experierce and his traditions as a Canadian -conqueror's laws, freshly minted and

unclarified by a single precedent.

Inevitably, the prosecution claimed, and was granted, advantages over the defense which it would neither have asked nor expected had the new laws been in harmony with the basic tenets

of Anglo-Saxon law.

The Canadian War Crimes Regulations, which closely parallel similar regulations enacted at the same time by the United Kingdom, sought to make possible the enforcement and workable interpretation of the "laws and usages of war" as approved by the Hague Convention of 1907 and the Geneva Convention of 1929. All the major Powers, Germany included, had signed the Hague and Geneva agreements, which attempted to define war crimes, but left it up to individual nations to punish them in their own individual ways.

#### A German Started Hollering

The Canadian regulations specify that the fundamental procedure for a Canadian war crimes trial shall be the same procedure laid down for a field general court-martial. But they authorize a Canadian court trying a suspected war criminal to disregard, if it sees fit, virtually all the rights and safeguards to which a defendant is normally entitled in a Canadian crim-

inal or military court.

The regulations say the court "may take into consideration any statement or document appearing on the face of it to be authentic, provided the statement or document appears to the court to be of assistance in proving or disproving the charge, notwithstanding that such statement or document would not be admissible as evidence in proceedings before a field general court-martial.

The regulations say that "Any document purporting to have been signed or issued officially by any member of any allied or enemy force or by any allied, enemy or neutral government shall be admissible as evidence without proof of the issue or signature thereof.

The regulations say that any state-ment made before trial by an accused or by any witness as such trial, whether or not such statement was made on oath, and whether made before or after or without the giving of any caution shall be admissible as evidence for all

The regulations say that once it has been proved that members of a military unit or formation have committed more than one war crime the commander of that unit or formation may be considered guilty of responsibility for those crimes, unless he proves himself innocent of responsibility.
Over and above these specific amend-

ments to traditional Canadian courtroom procedures, the War Crimes Regulations (Canada) close with a clause that takes 21 words to say that anything goes. "In any case not pro-vided for in these regulations," Section 17 says, "such course will be adopted appears best calculated to do

That disarmed Canadian prisoners were killed in Meyer's battle area during the first week of the Normandy fighting was established even to the itisfaction of Meyer himself. Overrun in Meyer's counterattack against the village of Authie on June 7, 1944, at least 23 members of the North Nova Scotia Highlanders had been shot down by their captors either amid the red chaos of the battlefield or on the way back toward Meyer's regimental headquarters. Now, 18 months later, some of the survivors came to bear witness.

Q: Will you describe anything that occurred as you were being moved away from the place of capture?

A: We were marched perhaps about 300 yards up toward this big field and we passed a German soldier lying down on the ground. He was wounded and was getting the attention of a medical orderly. He started hollering at us and we passed him and went another 40 or 50 yards and we met a vave of advancing Germans and the German that seemed to be in the lead started hollering—I don't know what the was saying but was just hollering there and he pulled out a revolver and started shooting at us and at the same time this wounded soldier, he started shooting ac us too with his rifle.

Q: Did he hit anybody?
A: Yes, sir. The boys started falling and I was looking at the wounded fellow and then I was looking at the guy who was doing the shooting up front. A lot of our fellows fell down wounded and when I came up to Lance-Corporal Orford, he grabbed me by the arm and then he was shot.

Now, describe the shooting of

A: Lance-Corporal Orford grabbed me by the arm, sir, and he hollered, "Oh, mother don't," and then it seemed to me like he grabbed his belly and

and down on the ground.

Q: Now, what did you do?

A: Well, sir, I dove on the ground and then after that there was no more firing and by that time Conrad and Dolan were moving about 10 feet so I joined them.

Q: What happened to the other nine prisoners who had previously been in your group? Did they follow along

A: No, sir, I never saw them after-

Possibly because the court knew that, among the men who fought the war at the level of the slit trench, there were "spontaneous" uncalculated and unpreventable shooting of prisoners on both sides, Meyer was acquitted of responsibility for the Authie massacres.

The prosecution used its heaviest and

most effective artillery in trying to convict him of the general charge of "inciting and counseling" his troops to deny quarter and to establish his responsibility for two multiple killings in which 18 Canadian captives were killed and secretly buried at his regimental headquarters at the Ancient Abbey of Ardenne, a hamlet northwest

On the charge of inciting and counseling to deny quarter there seemed little reasonable doubt that, in their by no means rare moments of grandiloquence and bombast, either Meyer or some of his most trusted officers, or both, had boasted to the teen-aged soldiers they were readying for battle: "My unit takes no prisoners."

Four alumni of his regiment testified they had heard the remark uttered, although their memories of the circumstances varied widely. One insisted that Meyer had circulated it through the ranks in the form of a secret written order. Another said he had made it orally during the course of a drunken speech at a regimental party.

#### Officers Stopped a Massacre

Whatever impression it had made in the barracks each of the nine German witnesses who appeared were agreed that the remark or order was never interpreted literally on the battlefield, nor, in their opinion, was meant to be Two of the witnesses who remembered having heard it also remembered that after the unit went into action they were offered special leaves for bringing in live prisoners.

Two Canadian soldiers told of seeing battlefield massacres stopped by Ger-

man officers or N.C.O.'s.

The defense was able to argue that more than 200 Canadian prisoners passed through Meyer's regimental headquarters during the first few days of the Normandy fighting and came to no harm. If Meyer had ever intended the shooting of prisoners to be a regimental policy, the policy wasn't carried

One witness testified, nevertheless that Meyer had specifically ordered one killing of prisoners. On the morning of June 8, 1944, SS Mann Jan Jesionek, 19-year-old Polish conscript, had been on duty as a dispatch rider at Meyer's headquarters in the ancient abbey. About 10 o'clock a German soldier

marched in seven Canadian prisoners, Jesionek told the court. Jesionek followed the escort into the chapel of the Abbey in time to hear him report to Meyer himself.

"What shall we do with these prisoners?" Jesionek said he heard Meyer say. "They only eat up our rations." Then, according to Jesionek, Meyer

talked in an undertone with an officer. He turned and said, more loudly, to the small group of headquarters personnel around him: "In future we will take no more prisoners.

Jesionek went back outside a few moments later and saw a German

officer talking to the seven Canadian prisoners. They were talking in English, which Jesionek didn't under-stand, but it was his impression that the officer was jeering at the prisoners, at least one of whose eyes suddenly "filled with tears."

Then, Jesionek continued, one at a time the seven Canadian soldiers shook hands with their fellow prisoners and walked through a little gateway leading from the courtyard of the abbey to a little garden at the rear. A German sergeant-major waited on the other side and shot each man as he emerged in the garden.

Jesjonek had told his story first in an American prisoner - of - war cage at Chartres. Over a period of several months he had repeated its substance several times in interrogations in Paris, London, Bayeux and during a special trip to the abbey itself. Each interrogation was recorded and ex-tracts from all his pretrial depositions were read back to Jesionek by both the prosecution and by the defense.

Although Jesionek never wavered on a major point there were minor inconsistencies in the several versions of his story. As he told it at Chartres, for instance, he himself had heard Meyer give a direct order to execute the seven Canadians. In another, Jesionek neglected to repeat the alleged order about taking no more prisoners in future.

On many circumstantial details his evidence was incompatible with the He said evidence of other witnesses. that he saw Meyer in the abbey chapel at about 10 o'clock in the morning. Meyer insisted he had been on a personal tour of his battalions at that time, hadn't returned until about noon and then had gone directly to the tower to survey the battlefield. Two German officers supplied partial corroboration.

#### Was the Gateway Blocked?

Jesionek said that Mever had been dressed in a long, black rubber coat in the abbey chapel. Meyer said that he had never worn anything but the standard camouflage uniform of his division.

Jesionek's statements about the disposition of his platoon and its vehicles on the day in question conflicted with the evidence of other

A direct challenge to the main body of Jesionek's story hinged around the gateway through which he claimed he had seen the seven Canadians march to their deaths.

A 16-year-old French lad, Daniel Le Chevre, who had been living in the abbey, claimed that the gateway was blocked by an air-raid shelter. Where Jesionek claimed to have seen seven bodies lying in a "pool of blood," and where the bodies were to be found in their secret graves about 10 months later, Le Chevre and two or three of his pals had seen nothing to excite their interest.

Jesionek had mentioned a set of steps at the side of the gateway, but M. Jean-Marie Vico, another former abbey resident, said he had built those steps himself in July 1944—a full month after Jesionek claimed to have seen

What reasons, if any, could Jesionek have had for lying or elaborating? To its credit the prosecution, during the numerous pretrial interrogations, had probed hard for possible ulterior motives. It had sought out the U. S. Army sergeant who took Jesionek's first statement at Chartres, and questioned the sergeant closely on the details of the young Pole's first examina-

**NEXT ISSUE** 

#### AH, THOSE QUEBEC GIRLS

By Gordon Sinclair

Sinclair's out on a limb again. He's seen the Balinese beauties, the belles of the Orient, and the sirens of Egypt. But personally he thinks the girls from Quebec Province are the smartest, brightest and best-looking in the world. In a provocative article he tells why.

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Qu Prem Enem Jesionek himself claimed that soon after he had begun making his first statement about Kurt Meyer an American soldier had entered the room in which he was being questioned and said: "Ah, you are an SS man. We are going to hang you." Then, Jesionek said, he finished his statement.

At first the American sergeant denied flatly that any such threat had been made. Then he admitted it was "possible," finally that it was "prolable."

desionek said he had been an unwilling conscript and that he had deserted in France. When he was drafted into the SS his father was in a German concentration camp. He concealed this information during his first few interrogations and explained the deception in these words: "I remained silent . . so as not to arouse any suspicion that because of my father I sought revenge on Meyer."

#### An Adjutant Was Sacked

Meyer's defense against the charge of responsibility for the second mass murder committed at his headquarters was substantially the same as his defense against the "Jesionek" charges.

There was no eye-witness testimony in connection with this second slaughter—although the defense did not challenge the well-documented evidence that, on or about June 10, 1944, 11 "volunteers" had been selected from a large group of prisoners gathered in the abbey courtyard and clubbed to death in a manner and for reasons unknown.

With the onus now on Meyer to prove himself innocent of responsibility the defense built its case around these submissions:

(1) The crimes all occurred during a

period of furious and continuous battle and Meyer was too preoccupied with events on the battlefield to make himself personally responsible for what happened elsewhere.

happened elsewhere.

(2) According to Meyer's testimony he first learned of the killings on June 11 when his adjutant showed him the bodies of all 18 Canadians lying in a group in the abbey garden. (This could have fitted in with young Le Chevre's story, but could not have fitted in with Jesionek's.) When he showed his commander the bodies Meyer's adjutant professed to be ignorant of how they got there. Meyer fired him

(3) The 18 Caradians were killed, not by troops who had been trained and continuously led by Meyer, but by members of the German Field Police, who became responsible for the handling of prisoners on their arrival at regimental headquarters.

Before the verdict was brought down a number of episodes occurred which, whether or not they influenced the court, plainly made its legal adviser uneasy. Faced with the delicate task of interpreting a set of legal directions almost entirely devoid of legal precision the Judge Advocate, Lt.-Col. W. E. Bredin, made frequent and unhappy asides about the prevalence of hearsays, but reminded the court that it was entitled to listen to anything it considered relevant.

Midway through the trial the prosecution announced it had uncovered some fresh evidence concerning the shooting of a Canadian officer at Meyer's headquarters. The defense protested that this shooting was not mentioned in the charge sheet.

The court ruled that Meyer couldn't be found guilty of it, or for responsi-

bility for it, but if the responsibility could be traced to him unofficially it might indicate an increased likelihood that he had been responsible for the other crimes.

The prosecution was allowed to introduce its evidence and thus, in this little trial within a trial, Meyer found himself being tried for a crime of which he hadn't been accused, for which he could not be officially convicted, against which he had had no opportunity to prepare a defense — but which, through its possible inferences, could conceivably have cost him his life.

#### In Law All Must Be Equal

A similar ruling was made later when the prosecution was permitted to make extended references to a number of alleged murders of prisoners which a Canadian court of enquiry had attributed to the German regiment on Meyer's left flank. No proof of any kind was introduced regarding these other shootings and the prosecution admitted it wasn't trying to link them with Meyer.

In explaining its reasons for allowing them to be discussed the court came close to pure doubletalk. "Incidentally, for the record," the president ruled, "the accused cannot be held answerable for these incidents which occurred in other regiments, nor can that information which has just been divulged be used to influence the court in this trial here. The purpose of introducing these alleged reports is to show tendency. That is really the prosecution's case."

During his cross-examination Meyer dropped an aside to the effect that, early in the Normandy campaign, he had come across the bodies of half a dozen German soldiers lying on a roadside in circumstances which convinced him they had been taken prisoner and then shot by the troops opposing them.

The Canadian brigade commander operating in that particular area at that particular time had been the president of the court, Major-General (then Brigadier) Foster.

The court listened attentively to Meyer's testimony on the alleged shooting of German prisoners by Canadian troops under Foster's command but when the prosecution announced it wanted to call witnesses in rebuttal, the court decided this wasn't necessary.

"I don't think there is any question

"I don't think there is any question in the minds of the court as to that particular incident," General Foster said

Officially the Kurt Meyer case is closed. Meyer is serving his life sentence in Dorchester penitentiary, in Nova Scotia. There is no procedure under which the sentence of death can be reimposed. The only procedure by which the sentence of life imprisonment can be further remitted is through a petition for clemency to the throne.

Why not leave the case where it stands—filed and forgotten? Because while men live by laws they cannot live freely and without fear unless all men are equal before those laws.

The laws under which Kurt Meyer was tried rest not, as all safe laws must rest, on the solid bedrock of firm rules and clearly stated principles, but on the unattainable hope of human omniscience.

If the Kurt Meyer trial was unfair its greatest unfairness wasn't to Meyer himself. It was the final, overriding unfairness to a set of precepts which, if we deny in the face of our enemies, we may yet deny to ourselves.

#### Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 16

make way for George Drew, has been whispering into a number of deaf ears that he would accept the national director's job if pressed. George Nowlan, who scored a sensational by-election victory in the Annapolis Valley a year ago and then was defeated by a handful of votes in the general election, could have the job if he would take it. He turned it down last fall and there's been no indication since that he's changed his mind.

If the PC's have other candidates in mind, they seem to be keeping it dark. Roly Michener, the big brain of Drew's pre-election organization, has gone back to practicing law. Dick Bell's principal aides at Bracken House left about the same time as he did. The few professionals left on the party payroll are coasting along, waiting for something to turn up.

Perhaps the most important question, for the long future of the Liberal Government, isn't centred in Ottawa at all. It's the question to be answered next spring: Who's to lead the Liberal Party in Quebec?

Ontario and Quebec Liberals are both leaderless, but you don't hear so much about Ontario. One reason may be that the federal Grits like Premier Leslie Frost personally, and since Mitch Hepburn's day they haven't had much use for Ontario provincial therale.

Quebec is different. To the Grits, Fremier Maurice Duplessis is The Enemy, a powerful hostile force in very kind of political engagement. They need a strong Quebec organization in the worst way and they haven't

got one even in the early planning stage.

Two or three names keep cropping up. One is J. Edouard Asselin, of Montreal, chairman of the city's executive committee, and by all accounts an able man. He did himself some damage by prematurely revealing an ambition for the job at a Young Liberal meeting in Montreal last year, but he is by no means out of the running. Another is young André Montpetit, member of a very distinguished Montreal family, a good speaker said to be favored by the more conservative of Quebec's Liberals.

Younger, liberal Liberals would be happier under the leadership of Guy Roberge, the Quebec City lawyer who is the political running-mate of Solicitor-General Bob Lapointe. Roberge was provincial member for Lotbinière, Bob Lapointe's riding. He is young, able, energetic and progressive in his views—maybe a bit too progressive, that's the treather.

that's the trouble.

What worries federal Liberals is not the personal quality of Roberge or any other aspirant; it's the fact that no potential leader has yet emerged who seems to engage the loyalty of all factions in the party. They think that Premier Duplessis has lost a good deal of ground since the election of 1948 when he carried 82 out of 92 seats. But to beat him they've got to find a leader with comparable public appeal and the solid enthusiasm of a united party. This savior hath not yet appeared.

Now that Fred McGregor is back at his old job as Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King's chief assistant the chances are a lot brighter for an early start on the long-awaited memoirs. Few men, if any, have King's confidence as fully as McGregor has. He was a silent collaborator on King's other major literary effort, "Industry

and Humanity"; only Jack Pickersgill, the principal secretary of recent years, can prepare a draft that is closer to King's own style. Also, the two men have known each other intimately for

40 years and get along well.

When the Rockefeller Foundation first offered its financial aid in preparing the King memoirs nearly a year ago Fred McGregor was the man King wanted to head the research staff. McGregor was still Combines Investigation Commissioner, halfway through the greatest fight of his life (about the flour milling report) and with three years to go before retirement. Regreffully he turned the offer down. When he lost his battle with C. D. Howe and Donald Gordon over the flour industry and resigned as Combines Commissioner he was more than happy to reconsider that decision.

It's not unlikely that the first actual writing on the King memoirs will start with the last chapters, the war years. The former prime minister is keenly aware that he is 75 and may not have time to finish the whole, colossal task. He is also aware that the story of Canada's war effort is largely untold, and that great parts of that story can be told by him alone. There are some matters of controversy, too—notably the conscription crisis, the Ralston-McNaughton episode of October, 1944, and kindred matters—which he is most anxious to put on record from his own point of view.

Whatever became of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board?

\*

It doesn't seem long since the Prices Board was about as important, in the public mind, as any one branch of government. In its big days it had 6,200 employees across Canada, 1,000 of them in Ottawa alone. They ruled like emperors over every nook and cranny of the Canadian economy.

Today only two controls are left—rentals and scrap steel—and the ceiling on scrap is expected to come off any day. Yet at a casual glance the Prices Board still looks very like its old self. With 828 employees in all Canada and 275 of them at headquarters it fills about two thirds of the temporary building which has always been its headquarters. Chairman Ken Taylor looks as busy as ever in the big office he took over from Donald Gordon at the end of the war.

What are they all doing?

Mainly it's rent control that keeps them busy. More than 600 of their 828 workers are in the rentals administration—scrap steel keeps only about half a dozen people busy. The rest of them, and chairman Taylor, have all assumed new jobs under the old name.

They are the consumer end of import control. Ken Taylor is the Assistant Deputy Minister of Finance who has charge of import quotas on consumer goods. When that job began in 1947 he put his Prices Board staff to work on it. If rental and steel control were to end tomorrow the Prices Board would go out of existence, but about 200 of its employees would simply keep on working at the same jobs under the departmental title of Emergency Import Control Division, Department of Finance.

#### Reprints of "The Canadian"

The article by W. Arthur Irwin, "The Canadian," which starts on page 20, has been reprinted for wider distribution. Copies may be obtained for 10 cents from the Editorial Department, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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Any Volunteers for Seconds?

—In a beautiful dream which a fellow editor had, Stalin and Tito decided to settle their differences by a duel—atomic bombs at six paces.

—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

Silver Cord With Thermostat
—A mother is a woman who runs
a temperature of 103 every time her
child's temperature hits 100.—Galt
Reporter.

Bands That Bind—A tourniquet and a wedding ring have one thing in common, observes a wisecracker. They both stop circulation.—Consort, Alta., Enterprise.

Zoo's Who—An escaped lion wandered into a coming-out party at Boston. Whereupon the debs emerged faster than debs ever came out before!—Ottawa Citizen.

No Gratitude!—Hobo proved a hero in a Western warehouse fire and the grateful owner at once offered him a job. What's the use?—
Toronto Telegram.

The Waltz You Paid for Me—George Bernard Shaw says he is now too old to dance. But he is

**JASPER** 

still a shrewd old piper who knows how to make the producers of his plays pay for the tunes they call.

—Hamilton Spectator.

Egyptian Gyp—In ancient Egypt, we are told, merchants who adulterated their goods, or gave short weight, were nailed to the doors of their shops. This probably attracted more attention than a neon sign, but wasn't as good advertising.—Edmonton Journal.

Try Talking Without It—Permanents aren't. Weather probabilities—one is sometimes tempted to think—aren't. Common sense isn't. What's the use of language anyway?
—Toronto Star.

A Corker—A consignment of Scottish art is on its way across the Atlantic. The Hamilton Spectator hopes it is well packed and tightly corked.—And well protected from damage by water.

Careful Custom—The South American custom that requires a man to stand at a distance when addressing his mother-in-law probably was dictated by caution. — Kitchener - Waterloo Record.







KATHLEEN RYAN
The Most Interesting People
All Belong To The Human Race



What is both a strange and a strangely important motion picture has just arrived from Britain. It is GIVE US THIS DAY.

It was to have been made in Hollywood but wasn't. The setting is Brooklyn. The story is the famous, "Christ in Concrete". It was produced in London by an Englishman, an American and a Canadian, the last-named, Edward Dmytryk, who made "Crossfire", "Farewell My Lovely", "THE HIDDEN ROOM".

The stars of GIVE US THIS DAY are the red-haired Irish actress, Kathleen Ryan; the ex-pugilist who became a fabulous Broadway legend as an actor, Sam Wanamaker; the lovely Italian discovery, Lea Padovani and a former New York GI and acrobat, Bonar Colleano.

Why films with international casts and themes, such as THE RED SHOES, gain an unforgettable quality all their own when made in Britain, still puzzles the experts. On GIVE US THIS DAY, as another shining example, the explanation is offered that, in British films, all people act like human beings.

In the field of thrillers which really deserve that name, there is a fine romantic Parisian chiller, THE SPIDER AND THE FLY with a new continental beauty, Nadia Gray.

But for comedy, the British are staying in Britain As in PASSPORT TO PIMLICO. London is used as the setting for uproarious complications in A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY.

To be sure you see these J. Arthur Rank films, ask for the playdates at your local Theatre.



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#### The Not-So-Happy Gang

Continued from page 11

majurally leads to charges by less successful entertainers that the Gang's music is monotonous and corny and that its name represents one of radio's more engaging deceptions.

To a degree both charges are true.

But Pearl has flatly refused to fire any of his Gang, despite his knowledge of the inner rumblings. "If I kick him out," he says of one, "no one else will hire him. I'd have him on my conscience forever.

Because of Pearl's stand the Gang's music is based on an array of instruments giving scant scope for varietypiano, vibraphone, accordion, bass fiddle, violin, trumpet and clarinet. This assortment is one to chill the soul of any musician-and Pearl considered a first-rate musician-but the Gang opened its 13th season last with the personnel unchanged.
"I can't be such a heel," Pearl often

reminds people. "I still have the original Gang except for Bob Farnon, who is in England, and Herb May, who too busy with other commitments. The kids cut me up at times, but they

Pearl pays well over union scale Each member of the Gang is paid upward of \$125 a week by Pearl, who has complete control over such matters. Eddie Allen (vocals-accordion), Hugh Bartlett and Cliff McKay reportedly get the best pay. Pearl is rumored to pocket about \$35,000 a year himself after paying the Gang's salaries, but

before income tax.

Rehearsals of the Happy Gang tend to be about as jovial as sessions of the United Nations. The dispirited musi-cians are anxious to please Pearl, whom they call "The Little Man of Iron" or, familiarly, "The Little Man," but this can be a fairly frustrating endeavor. is said of Pearl that he would edit the Lord's Prayer and he has a reflex action that causes him to reject any-one's efforts at first glance, including his own. He frequently throws out as "lousy junk" lyrics or arrangements he himself had written the night before.

About two hours before the show bes on the air the Gang arrives at the CBC Concert Studio in downtown Toronto and looks over the music Pearl has selected for that day. Pearl stays in his office the first half hour of the rehearsal and the Gang runs through the numbers under the direction of Eddie Allen. They work out the arrangements as they go, pooling their ideas until they get something mutually satisfactory

Maybe a Pinch Would Help

Then Pearl comes downstairs and hears the numbers through. He rarely approves the first draft and he is apt to express himself forcefully. Absolute gloom settles on the Happy Gang. No one speaks while Pearl examines music. After a moment he gives directions in a weary tone.

He can be just as sarcastic about his own work. During rehearsal of a ballad called "Homework" he discovered a high F in his vocal. "That's too high Maybe if someone pinches me I'll make it. After a run-through he enquired of the control room how it sounded.

Pretty reachy," answered George Temple, the producer. "But it's early in the morning, maybe you'll improve."
"I'm not going to improve," retorted

Pearl. "Snider, you come up on that note and help me out." They ran through it again and Snider in the organ pit crashed some chords together

to cover Pearl's voice at the appointed

Pearl shook his head in disgust.
"That might do it," he observed glumly, "but not likely."

Blain Mathe, a sober man, slouched past looking sadder than usual. "Look at the time these guys spend on their numbers," he moaned. "Y'know how long Kay and I get to rehearse our organ and violin solo? Two minutes, that's all. The high spot of the show and they give us two minutes!"

Mathe is the most doleful of all the Gang. During the MacNamara's Band number, in which he bangs the lid of a garbage pail with a stick, he maintains the expression of a man whose feet There is a reason for this, it

'He's been trying to throw a party for the Gang since we first went on the air," a member explained. "Every now and then he issues all the invita-But his wife won't let him. Sad case

#### Tribute to a Princess

Mrs. Stokes, who is the wife of a post-office official and mother of grown boy, was an original member of Happy Gang in 1937 when the CBC needed a sustainer (radio jargon for unsponsored) musical show to cheer the flagging housewives around lunch-They named Bert Pearl, a gifted staff pianist, to figure out the show, sprinkled in Blain Mathe and Bob Farnon, also CBC staffers, and gave Temple the producer's chair. Shows like this sprout from the brain

cells of the CBC with ease. They cost nothing, since the personnel is all staff on salary anyway, and they fill up empty air harmlessly while the CBC angles to sell the time to a sponsored show. Life expectancy of such shows is 10 weeks, the Happy Gang, it was

hoped, would last the summer.

Pearl chatted with Farnon, since was no less tongue-tied then, and Mrs. Stokes giggled hysterically at them. The music was easy and relaxed; Pearl sounded like the happiest man alive

In the fall, instead of dying, the outfit went on the CBC network with Herb May announcing. Gang nonetheless seemed such improbable success because of its folksiness that when the sponsor, Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, finally appeared it bought only three of

the five-a-week shows.

Then Pearl, who is as lost in the financial world as J. P. Morgan, contracted to own the show and today is what is called a package show The Jack Benny Show has the same setup—the sponsor deals with Benny and Benny decides on the show. Pearl controls the cast, administration, record and sheet music rights. Colgate

rapidly bought up the other two shows.

Although Pearl has wounded the

feelings of almost every employee he has ever had he is the most vulnerable man in radio. After a Brotherhood Week broadcast, in which he paid a beautifully worded tribute to the unity of all creeds, he received an anonymous from Ottawa which "Thanks for lumping us with the Negroes and Jews." This wouldn't have drawn a contemptuous curse from most hardened public figures, but Pearl is still wincing nearly two years

"You know," he mused the other "the writer was a woman, I'm sure of it. I'll know her handwriting if I

ever see it again."

Another time he spent six days composing a 30-second tribute to Princess Elizabeth on the occasion of her wedding. He reasoned that the papers that day and other radio shows would be saturated with the story, that the Gang might best contribute a brief expression of best wishes. The result, rewritten about 50 times, was a gem. The following day he received a heated letter cursing him for brushing the princess off in such a manner. Pearl princess off in such a manner. Pearl can remember the exact wording of that letter too.

He is uncommonly good at express ing emotion on the air. This type of writing is tough; many good writers are inept at expressing, for example, their grief at the passing of a friend. Pearl's technique is neither hammy nor pallid. The word that best describes sincere. A recent effort was an expres-sion of sympathy for relatives of victims of the Noronic ship disaster.

It was so beautifully done that there was a hush when he was through speaking and many women left the CBC studio wiping their eyes. nearly threw it away just before the

accast.
'I worked on that thing all the day
fore,'' relates Pearl. ''I knew how I before," relates Pearl. felt about that fire and I knew the feeling I wanted to get across. But I am aware that if something like that misses, people want to say, 'Get that bum out of there.' Every time I write one of those I figure that this one will probably be the egg that will blow me right out of radio."

#### "You Can't Bring It Back"

Other radio personalities exude confidence and personality even when their feet have worn through their shoes. Pearl, at the wheel of his Oldsmobile convertible, exudes nothing but frenzied worry.

He worries about failure ("I'm at the top—there's just one way to go"), about what the rest of the trade thinks of him, about what that man in Medicine Hat wrote, about the new song he is going to do ("I didn't like it at first now I hate it") and about his

Around February each year he can stand his troubles no longer. Thin and beaten, he informs the advertising agency which buys the program that "This show is a he can't carry on. "This show is furnace that needs firing all the time he complains. "It's inhuman. got to get away before I crack up.

There have been reports that Pearl has a contract with his sponsors that he can be away from the show 12 out of every 13 weeks. This is nonsense, but it is a fact that Pearl has an unwritten understanding that he can take a brief holiday each winter.

While his nervous system is in some disarray there apparently is nothing the matter with Pearl's health. A false rumor persists that he has had tuberculosis—Pearl says this stems from the time he drove to Gravenhurst and someone recognized his car near the san there.

"Since then I've had to deny that I've got TB about once a month. Once I met a guy whose brother works in the san at Hamilton. He claims I was there under an assumed name.

His greatest agony occurs when the occasional "bad" show (the word is his) gets on the air. This sort of disaster affects him profoundly. "It's gone," he moans. "You can't bring it back. We've broken faith with the people who count on us."

Despite the vicissitudes of dealing with Pearl, Colgate has little cause to complain. Princess soap flakes were advertised only on the Gang broadcasts and the commercials had to withdrawn when the company couldn't supply the demand. When Colgate tooth paste needed a pickup the Gang commercials swung to the necessity for a bright smile and Colgate's jumped to the best-selling tooth paste on the market for a period afterward.

#### A Raspberry to the Usher

Despite these impressive contributions to their stockholders' dividends, Colgate's and the Happy Gang have been unhappy in their association. year ago the sponsor and Pearl tiffed and this time the sponsor auditioned some new shows to replace the Gang. None proved successful so both were chastened when the reunion took

The studio audience sees none of the tension which is so evident during rehearsals. Five days a week the 730capacity concert studio is near filled with fans. The big proportion of the audience are out-of-towners who comment in the lobby as they shuffle out "That McKay isn't as fat as all that!" (advertised as "Ton of fun," he's 6 feet, 200 pounds); or "Bert isn't 5 feet 2 like they used to say, is he?" (he's 5.7); or "Isn't Eddie putting on weight" (he is); or "Aren't Bert's feet small!" (size 6).

Pearl sometimes expresses his disapproval of his aggregation on the air, but only the Gang itself is aware of the reproof. Once, when one of Bartlett's Joke Pot gags laid a particularly unwholesome egg, Pearl commented dryly, "If you people out there don't get it, don't worry. We don't get it either.

Another time, when McKay and Gimby got crossed up on a rendition of "Baby, It's Cold Outside," cracked, "Boy, was that cold!"

Pearl often expresses the desire to dismount from the endearing little colt that has grown into such a headstrong bronco but it's hard to turn loose the leading and best-paying daytime show in the country.

Sometimes he sighs for a little show again, with him at the piano chatting easily. Maybe a few convivial instrumentalists, just kick around some jokes and music. Might even call it The

**NEXT ISSUE** 

#### The Rise of E. P. Taylor

By Pierre Berton

Canada's best-known tycoon has built himself an industrial empire out of beer, soft drinks, chocolates, food, bakeries, tractors, building board, chemicals, magazines, lumber and what have you. In a two-part article a Maclean's editor examines the Taylor enterprises, and the man himself, revealing a fascinating story of a meteoric rise to riches.

FEB. 15 ISSUE

ON SALE FEB. 10

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ROSES: Selection location soil planting pruning control of diseases mulching, 7 lists of totals test forces. THE ROCK GARDEN: How to build how to plant . the Wall Garden . proper drainage. 10 lists of plans for different types of rock gardens.

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#### PARADE

#### THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

N SUMMER, towns like Bobcaygeon, Ont., seem to be abuzz and abustle 24 hours a day; the cash registers ring their praise of tourist dollars by day and the saxophones wail for tourist frolics far into the night. But when the holiday season ends the permanent residents settle back to enjoy the peace and quiet. Like the storekeeper who was awakened from a sound sleep at 11



o'clock one evening recently by a resident who'd been kept up late by some minor emergency and on his way home had noticed the door of the grocer's store standing open. 'You'd better get down there and lock it up before somebody walks in!" exclaimed the excited voice on the telephone.

But the grocer failed to become alarmed. "Don't suppose anybody'd bother," he yawned. "Had the place open all day and nobedy came in."

. . .

In more remote sections of Cape Breton Island, where the services of an undertaker are not too readily available, local custom decrees that when a very old person or someone wasted from a long illness dies the face shall be decently covered with a handkerchief during the lying-instate. Naturally this calls for nothing but the finest handkerchief possessed by the family even if, as in a recent instance we've heard of, the family's best white linen handkerchief had embroidered across it in red letters "Merry Christmas."

Toronto woman, long jammed with a growing family into a small and broken - down apartment, was as delighted as an emancipated slave to move into her own house, a brandnew home with the latest equipment and room for all. She was naturally more than annoyed when scarcely a week had passed and the toilet clogged up. Summoning a plumber she stood by impatiently while he sought the cause of the trouble. He soon came up with it-two pencils, a small ruler and an eraser.

Irate, she called her three-year-old daughter upstairs and showed her the evidence. "Did you try to flush these things down the toilet?" she demanded.

The youngster studied the articles, nodded recognition, then exclaimed with just a hint of annoyance, "Yes, they're mine-but where are my crayons?"

B. C. Electric must have been giving its Vancouver streetcar motormen the Dale Carnegie short course because when his car became bottlenecked with women shoppers the other afternoon one driver sang out, "Will the lady in the nice hat please move back in the car?" some of the women hustled right out the exit doors in their haste to oblige

The take - a - chance spirit still thrives in the Soo, where this ad appeared in the Sault Ste. Marie Daily Star: "I will wrestle, twist wrists, cut cards or shoot darts with the guy who took the rear half of the canoe rack off my car-Winner take all . . ."

We've just heard about a party of three hunters out for duck on the Qu'Appelle River in Saskatchewan one keen and ardent sportsman, one complete novice, and his even less experienced wife. Not a duck had flown by for some little time when the novice suddenly spotted a



covey swimming directly toward the blind. He waved his gun nervously, and only his knowledge of what his sporting friend would say if he dared shoot them on the water prevented him from blazing away.

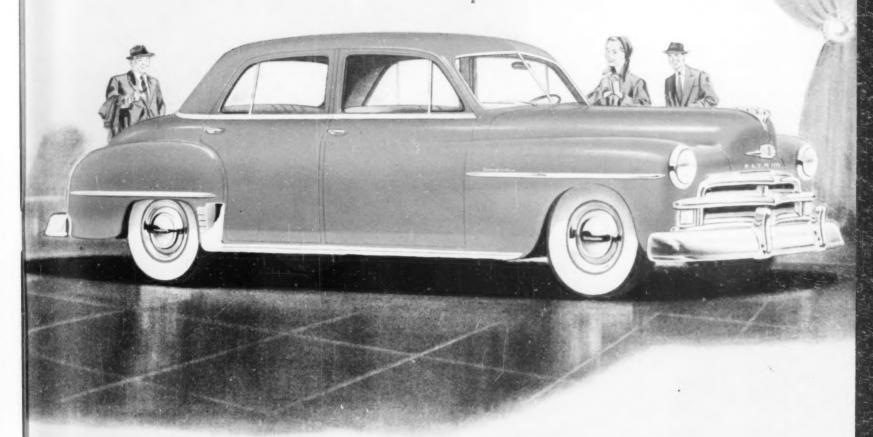
"Shoot them, John!" his wife urged in an anxious whisper. "Can't shoot — they're sitting

down," replied the frustrated hunter. "Don't be silly, John-shoot them in the neck!"

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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Minutes to go . . . and the Bears have a one-goal edge on the Cats. It's the climax to a season of action-packed battles. Hockey, Canada's national winter sport, is a game enjoyed by old and young alike . . . a symbol of that pride in teamplay which has helped make us one of the world's great nations.

Since 1943, O'Keefe's advertising has traced the stages of Canadian development. Traditions, events and opportunity have been illustrated in a series of fine paintings by distinguished Canadian artists. In 1950 O'Keefe's will provide an opportunity for the further development of Canadian art.

#### F210

O'KEEFE'S Eighteen awards, ranging in value from \$200 to \$1,000 will be granted to young Canadian artists. These awards will enable students of promise between the ages of 18 and 30 to further their training. Complete details, together with application forms may be obtained by writing to: The Director, O'Keefe's Art Awards, 47 Fraser Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, AWARDS to whom completed application forms must be sent not later than April 15th, 1950.



